

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World A WEEKLY

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
Copyright, 1946, by American Weekly, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

Week of May 19, 1946



Painting by Willy Pogany—**Aucassin and Nicolette**—The World's Most Poetic Romance Retold by John Erskine

THE Captain who owned Nicolette imprisoned her in a tower with a woman companion, after Count Garin said Aucassin must see Nicolette no more. Then Count Garin said to Aucassin: "Son, you see how my enemies beset me. Take your sword and horse and fight."

"I will on this condition," said Aucassin, "that if I

live, you grant me this much of Nicolette's company, two words and one kiss."

"That and no more," said the Count, "I promise."

Then Aucassin rode against the foe, and captured Count Bougars.

"Father," said he, "here is your enemy. Now keep your promise."

"May God forget me," said his father, "if I keep such a promise."

Then said Aucassin to Bougars: "Swear to do my father what harm you can." And Bougars having sworn, Aucassin set him free.

(Next week Mr. Erskine will tell how Nicolette escapes from her prison and finds Aucassin.)

Symphony— The Story of Song

By Charles Robbins

NIGHT club bands, juke boxes, radios, all have been working overtime lately pouring out the strains of a sad and haunting love song entitled "Symphony."

Many popular love songs, the work of men whose business it is to commune morosely with the tired planes of New York's Tin Pan Alley, are synthetic.

"Symphony" is different. It comes honestly by its sadness and romantic nostalgia, both of which were in its author's heart when he wrote it.

A man, who calls himself Alstone and who, as this is being written, is without nationality, composed the music of "Symphony." He composed it five years ago when he was hiding out near Nice, in the south of France. A German refugee and a musician, he had fled from the Gestapo and had sought sanctuary in a cave.

He had some paper and a pencil and within an hour he had composed two songs. It was easy. First he thought of his wife, whom he never expected to see again, and then he thought of his own hunted past. Sadly the two thoughts came together—and the music flowed.

One of the songs was "With All My Heart," the other was "Symphony," although it was a long time before Alstone thought of calling it that. Its original title—and theme—was "C'est fini," meaning, "It is finished." The words repeated themselves in his mind, and it was to their rhythm and the melody they mustered that he wrote his music.

He was speaking to his absent wife. He had fled far enough, he was telling her; for eight years he had been a fugitive. As far as he was concerned, it was finished.

He was mistaken, though, for he returned to Nice and resumed the half-life he had been living there, playing the piano in dives.

"C'est fini" was peddled around without success.

On the 11th of November, 1942, the Nazis swarmed into the south of France. Alstone fled to Monte Carlo, but arrival of Gestapo agents caused him to dash off, leaving all his belongings, including the manuscript of "Symphony," in a room there.



2 May 19, 1946

There is the
Cave Where
He Had
Sought Refuge
From the
Nazis, He
Thought of His
Wife, Whom
He Had Not
Seen for Years,
and of His
Hopelessness.
Out of the
Thoughts Came
Two Songs.

With a new identity, and papers to prove it, he settled in the little town of Clles, in the French Foreign Legion, was honorably discharged in 1940, and once more began playing hide-and-seek with the Gestapo.

He returned to Clles in September, 1944. The Germans had been driven out.

The Americans, who had replaced them, gave Alstone a thorough screening. Who was he? His real name, he replied, was Alexander Stein. Born December 30, 1903, in Hamburg, he had become, by 1933, orchestra leader at the Femina, one of the better cabaret-theaters of Berlin, had written the score of a popular movie, was successful, secure.

Secure, that is, until the day storm troopers had ordered him to cease work and confine himself to his home.

Herr Stein headed for the nearest railroad station. He was lucky. Within a few hours he was in Holland, and, a few days later, in Paris.

"Alstone" the
Composer—He
Called It "C'est
Fini", the GIs
Pronounced It
"Symphony."

There, under the name of Alstone, he met a charming Hungarian girl, who with her rich mother was enjoying the social life of the French capital. She said good-by to all that to marry the refugee musician.

When the war came, Alstone joined the French Foreign Legion, was honorably discharged in 1940, and once more began playing hide-and-seek with the Gestapo.

He saw his wife, Cecile, only occasionally. She was deep in resistance work. Through her Maquis connections, she found him hiding places.

Satisfied with his story, the Americans gave Alstone employment as a pianist to entertain the GIs. One day, in Marseilles, a colonel asked him if he knew a song called "Symphonie."

"Yes," replied Alstone. "As a matter of fact, I composed it."

"Sure," said the colonel. "You probably composed 'Rigoletto,' too." Miraculously, the song left in a bureau drawer in Monte Carlo had spread all over the Riviera. It took Alstone some time to find out how it had happened. He had played "C'est

fini" once for a Monte Carlo radio station. Another musician had made a copy of it and, following the Liberation, had played it for the Americans.

The latter not only made it their own on the spot, but, misunderstanding the title, substituted the phonetically similar—and more recognizable—French word, "Symphonie." And as yet it hadn't even been published!

Alstone and the two men who had been writing lyrics for him in Nice bowed to popular demand, and when the song finally came off the presses in August, 1945, it bore the Americans' alternate title, as well as a new set of words to fit it. Later on, being translated into English, it became "Symphony."

GIs took it with them wherever they went. By late fall, it had become the rage of Paris and London; after that it jumped the Atlantic Ocean to become a favorite in this country. Alstone now is preparing to jump the Atlantic himself. He is reunited with his wife and expects to bring her with him for a two-month holiday in the U. S.

"It is Finished," he says, "was really the beginning for me."



Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVERTISEMENT



● **YOUR TRUE CHAMPION** never neglects the inner man. Anytime's the time for Wheaties. Breakfast time especially. There's backer-upper nourishment in a hefty main-dish bowl of milk, fruit and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." These are flakes of 100% whole wheat. With vitamins, minerals, protein, food energy. Second-helping good, too—this General Mills product. Crunchy, rich flavored. *Had your Wheaties today?*

By R. L. Farnsworth

President U. S. Rocket Society

WE HAVE contacted the moon by radar. We have developed new powerful fuels and atomic energy a million times more powerful than gasoline. It is now entirely possible, I should say, for a man to step out of a rocket and stand on the barren, uncharted surface of the moon.

I am eager to be that man. It is only a question of time and money now. Perhaps, before the first passenger-carrying rocket is dispatched to the moon, an experimental one should be launched. Certainly, a less complicated rocket should be sent into space to bring back the answers to questions which still baffle science.

The communications barrier has been broken down by scientists of the Army Signal Corps. At Evans Laboratory, in Belmar, N. J., these army men projected impulses against the moon, and heard and saw the echo of those impulses as they bounced off the moon and returned to earth. Sets now under construction will carry impulses, one-way, to Mars, and the human voice to the moon.

The development of atomic power may make the flight easier, but even without it, the United States Rocket Society knows of chemical fuels which will take us there. Previous failures of experimental rockets have been due to lack of power.

The danger of collision in space between rockets and meteors is no more. Through radar, these onrushing monsters can be detected, then avoided.

All that prevents us from going ahead immediately with a flight to the moon is financial backing. I am sure, as American capital awakens to the advantages to be gained by a trip to the moon, that the money will soon be available.

Should my society be so fortunate as to be the first group to accomplish this great objective, I should be honored to pilot the first passenger-bearing rocket to zoom off into space, destination moon!

Many times, since the beginning of our society in 1920, we have been asked: "But if you get to the moon, how are you going to get back?"

The answer to that is easy. Because of the difference in gravity, it is easier by far to take off from the moon than from the earth. The German V-2, which rises 60 miles into the stratosphere of the earth can, as it is, make the full journey from moon to earth. These rockets attain the speed of one and a half miles a second—almost exactly the escape velocity from the moon. Take out the explosive warhead, and enough weight is saved to be able to install landing fins and carry parachutes.

When I get in

The MOON Is My

the moon, I shall have no worries about getting back.

Another question that is asked of me and the members of my society is: "But what good does it do? Why go to a dead, airless world?"

There are many answers to that one. Think of the research possibilities! Laboratories spend thousands each year to simulate artificially the extreme temperatures of the moon, which range from 400 degrees Fahrenheit in the day to 300 degrees below zero at night. The lack of atmosphere, or insulation, makes the moon a researcher's paradise. Scientists theorize, but they do not know, what happens when six pounds of matter suddenly weighs only one pound. Yet that is precisely what will happen to any matter taken from earth to the moon, for its gravity is only one-sixth that of the earth.

A girl of 120 pounds, therefore, will feel quite strange when her weight is reduced to 20 pounds on the surface of the moon.

There are other values in exploring the moon. This satellite is, after all, the springboard to the planets. Because of its lesser gravity, the moon could become the shuttle station of the universe. In underground factories, the plant moon-Mars and moon-Venus rockets could be fabricated—and launched from the cold dead surface of the moon.

From the moon, we could observe weather on earth. Guesswork would be completely eliminated. We could see storms approaching, we would know when, and where, and for how long, the sun will shine.

What about the other side of the moon? The revolutions of the moon and earth coincide so exactly that man has seen but one side of our

satellite. What's it like on the other side?

The United States Rocket Society proposes, first, to build a high-altitude rocket which will go out into space, and return with information vital to space travel. It will give us true data on the temperatures to be found in the void between the earth and moon, the radiations to be encountered, the type of film to use in space photography, measurements of cosmic rays and other phenomena, and other information of priceless value to the scientific world. Cost of this rocket would be between \$40,000 and \$80,000.

INSTRUMENTS would perform most of this work, but passengers also may make the trip for the utilization of radar and electronics for control, communications, and meteor detection will ensure safety. There is no reason why a space ship should not be as comfortable as a submarine. After checking the data received from our high-altitude rocket, we shall be ready to proceed on our voyage to the moon. The moon-rocket may cost anywhere from \$300,000 to \$10,000,000, depending on the information derived from the experimental high-altitude flight.

First, however, it might be advisable to send an experimental rocket to the moon without passengers. By mounting an atomic bomb in it we could be certain whether it reached its objective, by watching through telescopes for the explosion.

Should atomic power also be used in the pas-

DESTINATION

With Radar to Guard Against Collision With Meteors, the President of the U. S. Rocket Society Wants to Pilot the First Interplanetary Space Ship



the earth and the moon.

Between our world and its protective layer of 300 miles of atmosphere lies space. No one knows what conditions exist in outer space. We believe that it has no temperature, since units "things" have coldness and warmth, and space is nothing. But is "no temperature" hot or cold?

Space is supposed to be empty, although science says that nature hates a vacuum. We know that comets, asteroids, meteors and dust drift about in space—these are the things we have seen. This makes us wonder about the things we have not seen.

Space may be complete emptiness, or it may be teeming with something of which we have no conjecture. The tremendous forces of the universe will not be strained through the atmosphere of earth. What effect these manifold rays will have on our bodies and on our instruments we can not know.

MANY velocities are involved. We shall be cruising through space at seven miles a second. At this time the moon will be whirling about the earth, and the two together circle the sun at the rate of 68,000 miles an hour.

The sun itself is not standing still. It, with the rest of the solar system including the sun and the moon, is speeding through space in the direction of the distant sun Vega, at an incredible rate. We assume that the rocket, in space between the sun and the moon, will have the same velocity, and that we will not be left behind in nowhere.

That remains to be seen. The trip to the moon will take only about nine and a half hours, but—and here is an intriguing problem—how shall we land on this dead world of miles-high craters and miles-deep craters? There are two ways.

When the rocket reaches the nullification point in gravity, 220,000 miles from the earth, it would turn over and fall, stern-first, the remaining 20,000-odd miles to the moon.

We would merely have to use our rocket blast to retard the landing. Another method would be to circle the moon at 200,000 miles, slowing gradually in spirals, until a sliding landing could be made.

This landing would be difficult, but it can be done. And, further, I stand ready to prove it will be done.

When we land upon the moon it will be a strange world—desolate, bleak but a landscape of grandeur because of its sheer starkness of volcanic terrain. No water, no air will be there. Our rocket crew must wear special air-tight suits that supply us with the oxygen of life.

It may be that it will be desirable to wear leaden weight so that our earth-trained steps will not push us too far off the surface of the moon at

every stride. Gravity on the moon, you see, is only one-sixth of what it is on the earth. A tiny jump that would let a man on earth clear a four-foot fence would allow the same man—upon the moon—to jump 24 feet. A 12-foot pole vault on earth would equal a 72-foot leap upon the moon.

If Joe DiMaggio could hit a 400-foot home run on the earth he could knock the ball nearly 1000 feet on the moon—almost 25 times as far.

But all these strange events are merely side-light on the big advantage to the moon, the earth, the flight through interplanetary space and the landing upon the earth's satellite.

Getting to the moon is merely a matter of design and research. Some day there will be interplanetary travel—and want to see that Americans will get there first.

If I pilot the first rocket to the moon, I shall have with me as I speed through space the flag of the United States of America!



R. L. Farnsworth—"I Stand Ready to Prove That It Will Be Done...We Want to See That Americans Will Get There First."

Illustrated by D. J. RITCHIE

May 18, 1946

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

"I Took a Package Over to Her,"
Said the Chauffeur, "a Mighty
Suspicious Package: a Box,
Wrapped in Paper and Kind of
Heavy..."

The Story



that made a

NEWSPAPER

By Paul Gallico
CHAPTER I

GREAT newspapers are made sometimes by the calibre and courage of the men who edit them or by the qualities of the stories that break, or sometimes, too, by both. This is the story of the story and the men who made the Birmingham News, one of the great newspapers of the South.

It is compounded of a strange mixture of things: A lovely woman, a fine man, socially prominent, caught in the hopeless trap of a deep and chivalrous love; a newspaper clipping carried in the vest pocket of a newspaperman, a reporter who forgot to place his press pass in his hatband as they did when they sallied forth in the old days back in 1910, when all this happened; an editor who smelled news; a publisher who had the courage to print it; and a band of men and women who went out to knock on every door in Birmingham and ask just one question.

Two pistol shots were fired. Two human beings died. Two newspapers died with them.

There were three newspapers in the coal and iron city of Birmingham, Ala. in the year 1910, the proud and dignified Age-Herald, strong morning paper; the Ledger, the leading afternoon sheet; and the weak and tottering News, which had but recently been purchased by a bluff, hard-boiled advertising man from Montgomery, named Victor Hanson, in partnership with his friend and former boss, likewise from Montgomery, Frank P. Glass.

Hanson became publisher, Glass editor. The pair at once played an ace. They hired Buford Goodwin from Atlanta as managing editor, the most brilliant editor in the South. There was none better than this small, dapper, soft-spoken, mild-appearing dynamo.

Goodwin at once reorganized the staff which was poor in quality. He brought in a dark-haired firecracker from Atlanta, J. D. Gortatowsky, known as Gorty, to be city editor and combed

ELEVEN states have statutes protecting a newspaperman from being compelled to reveal the sources of his information. New York has a similar bill pending. Occasionally a reporter must risk personal injury and even death in maintaining the freedom of the press. In this and future issues The American Weekly will tell some of the great newspaper stories.

the Southland for good reporters. When the reorganization was complete the staff was half local men and the rest from out of town with little love between them.

The new men were handicapped by their lack of knowledge of the city, the old staff members by the inertia which had characterized the third place, poorly circulated paper which only recently had been financed by a large loan from the First National Bank. But it was beginning to stir.

SHORTLY after 5 o'clock, on the hot, lazy summer afternoon of June 22, with the run off the presses, the telephone rang at the city desk of the News. Gorty picked up the receiver and listened to a reporter advising him that Mrs. W. P. G. Harding was dead. Unimpressed, Gorty mechanically noted the name on a scratch pad and inquired, "Yeah? Who she?"

The reporter, the scorn in his voice reflecting his opinion of a dumb clerk from Atlanta who wouldn't know who Mrs. W. P. G. Harding was, filled him in; wife of W. P. G. Harding, president of the First National Bank. High-born southern beauty... Gorty, unfamiliar with Birmingham society, was still not impressed. The reporter laid it on. THE Mrs. Harding, dammit! the loveliest and most socially and financially prominent matron in town. Gorty said: "Okay, okay, save it for the obit when you come in..."

A little later the same reporter called back and said that Mrs. Harding's death was suicide, at least it looked that way. Now the City Editor began to ask details, and they were very strange. Mrs. Harding's husband, who later became governor of the Federal Reserve Board, was en route by steamer from New York and Savannah, accompanied by the eldest of their three daughters. He had been north to attend a board meeting. That afternoon, Mrs. Harding had been seen around Birmingham with the two younger daughters, shopping and visiting the soda fountain for a treat.

Shortly before five she returned to her home and went to her room. A few moments later she was in the quiet of the huge, pillared mansion in Glen Iris was shattered by a pistol shot. When the Negro mammy, who had been with Amanda Harding since she had been a child, rushed to her room, she found her mistress lying on her bed in a pool of blood. Unable to speak, Mrs. Harding died soon afterwards from the bullet through her heart.

There was another odd angle to the mystery. The Hardings possessed no weapons. But on the bedside table reposed a strange box that no one remembered having seen before. The wrappings were still partly around it, the cover off. It was just the size to hold the small calibre pistol. One might conjecture that the gun came in the box. No one knew how the package had got there.

It was while Gorty was puzzling over these details and trying to make sense out of them that the telephone rang again. It was that same reporter who was destined to be a harbinger of death that day. Now it was Guy Johnson who had passed on.

Testily, because he was interested in the other story, Gorty took the details. Socially prominent and wealthy coal baron, married, father of two boys, horseman, sportsman and socialist, fine family, handsomest man in Birmingham...

"All right, all right, I know," said Gorty. "Every one's socially prominent in this..."

"Hey, wait a minute," interrupted the reporter excitedly, "I just got some more dope. It's another suicide! Guy Johnson shot himself a couple of minutes after Mrs. Harding died. But there's nothing to connect the two..."

"Oh, isn't there," Gorty said softly and hung up. He called: "Hey Buford! Buford! I think we've got something!" No real newspaperman believes in coincidences.

But there actually was nothing to connect the two deaths, even though the two editors sweated and swore and worked like trojans to find one, because their experience and instincts told them there HAD to be something.

The Hardings and the Johnsons were friends. They moved in the same social circles, attended the same dinners and cotillions, but no slightest breath of scandal lay upon Amanda Harding and Guy Johnson; no hint of a love affair.

Yet when a lovely woman and a handsome man die by their own hands in their own homes a few minutes apart by revolver shots...

The two editors were going crazy with what appeared to be a locked and untouchable story beneath their quivering fingers. Their lips curled with contempt when the respectable and stuffy Age-Herald came out the next day with a couple of half column items on the two suicides separated and buried on pages two and five.

If nothing else, Goodwin intended to run the two stories side by side on Page 1 that afternoon with a one-column picture of each in juxtaposition and a two-column head over both stories. Nothing but facts would be printed, but the make-up of the page would make the implications unmistakable.

Then came the break. Thomas B. Sherman, a reporter (now a star feature writer on the St. Louis Post Dispatch) sent out by Goodwin to the Johnson home to see what he could pick up, forgot to put his press card in his hat. A young man in a chauffeur's uniform standing by a car outside Johnson's house in the fashionable South Highlands section did not know he was talking to a reporter when he shook his head sadly, clucked with sympathy and said:

"What a tragedy! And I just saw Mr. Johnson a half hour before he did it."

"You did, eh?" Sherman allowed. "I suppose you know about Mrs. Harding."

Illustrated by WENDELL KLING



Guy R. Johnson—the Weak and Tottering News Took Its Courage in Hand and Printed This Picture of Him on Page One Along With That of Mrs. Harding.

"Oh yes, I guess I knew about it first." "How is that?" "Well, you see, I was over to her house about a half hour before she died. I took a package over there to her from Mr. Johnson..." "You took a WHAT?" "It was a mighty suspicious package if you ask me; a box, wrapped in paper and heavy." Well, there it was. The chauffeur, Roy Jones, white, 17 years old, stuck by his story, and an hour or so later, Buford Goodwin had in his hands the missing link for which he had searched so frantically. It was a suicide pact and Guy Johnson had sent over the weapon with which Mrs. Harding took her life. There was no doubt of it.

IF THERE had been, there came further corroborating evidence in the testimony of a neighbor who had been called into the Harding home for assistance at the time of Mrs. Harding's suicide and who answered a ringing telephone. Inquiry was made for Mrs. Harding.

When the information was given that she was dead, the voice at the other end of the line cried out: "Oh, my God!" and immediately the receiver of the telephone was hung up. The person in the Harding home who answered the telephone declared the voice was recognized as that of Guy R. Johnson. When the time of the call was checked it was found that a few moments after it had been made, Johnson shot himself.

The dingy old News office, now sweltering in the heat of the late June morning, began to hum. They knew there was a story and now they had it. They had it, they had it, and all to themselves. It was a newspaperman's dream. It is one thing to do the bang-up airtight reporting and first class journalistic detective work that lands the big yarn onto the city editor's desk, and another to have the cold courage and professional integrity to get it into type and send it out onto the street in the face of the bank that holds your loan, the big advertisers, and every powerful force and pressure in the community moving heaven, earth and Gehenna to force you to suppress it.

That was exactly the situation that faced the editors of the weak Birmingham News.

Next week's instalment will tell how the editors of the News met this crisis, which could either make or break their paper.

*Just One Cake of Camay—and
your Skin will be Softer, Smoother!*



A skin that's lovelier, softer, breathtakingly smoother—*it's yours with your very first cake of Camay!* So renounce all careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake of Camay*—gained a fresher, smoother, younger-looking skin!

THE STORY OF THE KEITHS—



It was Rhythm and romance for Jean and Alan as they traced the exotic pattern of the rhumba. Between dances, Alan naturally couldn't keep his eyes off Jean's complexion—divinely smooth "and most divinely fair." She credits its softer texture to Camay care—says "My first cake of Camay helped awaken the sleeping beauty of my skin."



"Word of Honor," adds Jean, "with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet it's no trick at all to gain a lovelier complexion." Camay is really mild—it cleanses without irritation. Simply cream Camay's gentle lather over your face, night and morning. Rinse warm—add a cold splash for oily skin. Your beauty blooms! Doctors proved just *one cake of Camay* can mean a fresher, softer complexion.



Sentimental Journey. Gay and romantic, the Keiths stopped off at Niagara Falls on their honeymoon—and the Maid of the Mist never sailed with a lovelier bride. "I'll try to stay a bride, always," says Jean. "I want to keep my skin smooth and radiant—so I'm staying with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."



Please use your Camay wisely—make each cake last. You see, precious materials go into making soap.

MRS. ALAN FRANCIS KEITH
—the former Jean Elsie Luke of Cleveland, Ohio
Bridal portrait painted by Molyard

The LUCK of Sarah Blanding

By Hazel Canning Green

"MAYBE it was more luck than merit," was Sarah Gibson Blanding's smiling answer when asked what contributed most to her success in life.

Then the newly elected President of Vassar—the only woman to hold this honor in the college's 85 years of existence—did a bit of reminiscing.

She told of a long-legged, serious voiced girl who sat asking questions until midnight in one of the sorority houses at the University of Kentucky several years ago.

"Is there any real reason to black-ball Molly?" she asked. "Isn't she a good student, a good friend and an excellent companion?"

"Is it fair to turn this girl down merely because she wasn't born in the Old South; because her ancestors aren't old Americans?"

Ten o'clock came, then eleven. Still the girls argued, and seemed not to be convinced. At midnight they voted.

The girl who was smart and worth while, but lacked social background was accepted largely because Sarah Blanding, even in her youth, believed in fair play and an opportunity for those who deserved it.

Next morning Sarah was called into the Dean's office.

"A girl who can overcome prejudice, win her point and leave every one in a friendly mood, as you have done, is a girl whose qualities of leadership will carry her far," the Dean told her.

"I am resigning soon and if I can manage it you will be the next Dean."

So it happened that Sarah Blanding, a girl in her twenties, became the youngest college dean in America.

This was a big step for the Lexington, Kentucky, farm girl who a few years earlier had cried out in resentment at the hominy grits and bacon that appeared on the supper table every night.

"Why can't we have something better?" she wailed. "Why must we be so poor?"

"You children have lawyers, judges and teachers for ancestors," Sarah's mother replied, "and it is written in the stars you won't always lack money."

"Your great-grandfather, Judge James Douglas Blanding, sent all his six daughters to finishing school, his seven sons to college. Some day you'll get there too."

Sarah took her first step in higher education when she enrolled at the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics on borrowed money.

As a graduate she had several good offers to teach in high schools, but "being a good horse trader" she made a deal with the University of Kentucky to let her teach gymnasium courses in the afternoon, and take college courses in the morning.

It was from this teacher-student phase of her career that she became—almost overnight—a Dean. Then



When the Girl Rebelled Against the Perpetual Diet of Hominy Grits Her Mother Mentioned a Few Famous Ancestors and Said "It's Written in the Stars, You Won't Always Be Poor." Today Sarah Blanding (Left) is President-Elect of Vassar.

"because a Dean should know more than her students," she took a Master's degree at Columbia.

One young woman of Lexington still tells of the summer when she was seven and shared Dean Blanding's tent at the girls' camp the Dean was supervising.

When the child got home she started babbling to her father:

"Sally taught me to swim. Sally showed me how to get out of the canoe. Sally and I always put our snake to bed before we turned out the light."

"Well, well, and who is this Sally?" the father inquired.

"Oh, she is the Demon of the college," was the proud reply.

Gradually the fame of the "demon" spread. She became a member of national boards, was elected president of the National Association of Women Deans, raised prize crops of tobacco on her own farm, in her

Illustrated by CARL MUELLER

spare time, and four years ago joined Cornell University faculty.

Here she exhibited a flare for raising money that may have been an outgrowth of childhood experiences with poverty.

More modest deans at the College asked for a budget of \$10,000, but Dean Blanding of Home Economics turned in a request for \$49,542.22.

A perturbed college president called and said he wanted to see her at once. But Dean Blanding couldn't make it until five, and said so.

"Again I was lucky," she said, "for during the day the State Department telephoned that we had been granted almost all I had asked for. After that the president was very pleasant, for nobody can quarrel with \$40,000."

The 47-year-old president-elect of Vassar is no stuffy person. She can mix an Old Fashioned cocktail as easily as she whips up a home-cooked dinner for two—or for 32.

"A college education used to mean a classical education, often too little related to actual living," Dean Bland-

ing points out.

"A college education today should help prepare the girl for her role as homemaker, wife and mother. If she lets her education end there—if she does not translate the strength and the learning that are in her into actual works of worth for the world beyond her home—she has failed."

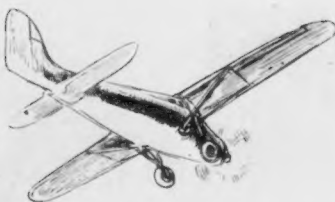
"In the old days," she says, "some mistaken women educators have been said rather to have frowned on marriage for the exceptional girl."

"We have progressed beyond that today. Now our girls do marry, and if they at present have only one and a half children per marriage, they are aware of the deficiency. They will do better, I believe, and stern statistics affirm that the marriage of the college girl usually is more successful than that of any other group."

These ideals, Sarah Blanding's friends suggest, are scarcely those of a woman who has lived by luck alone. The merit that usually accompanies success will have added opportunities when the new President starts her term at Vassar.



Eight Years Ago, Andrew Carnegie Whitfield (above) and His Sleek Plane Vanished After Heading Out to Sea From an Airfield on Long Island. The Courts Say He Is Dead—But His Friends Aren't Too Sure.



8-Year Wonder of Whitfield's Whereabouts

IF Andrew Carnegie Whitfield is ever coming back from the land of missing men into which he vanished eight years ago, it had better be soon.

His wife has had the courts declare the nephew and namesake of the late steel king legally dead; she has been appointed administratrix of his \$36,000 estate, and, after a brief period of "widowhood," she recently has remarried, taking as her second husband, Army Lieut. William Moran, an artist.

Moreover, vivacious Betty Whitfield for the first time has told in detail of the minor quarrel which preceded Whitfield's flight from Roosevelt Field, N. Y., in a sleek monoplane that carried him either to death or self-imposed anonymity.

In asking a New York court to declare her husband dead, Betty testified that on the afternoon of April 14, 1938, about 10 months after their marriage, Whitfield had phoned her from his offices at a business machine firm to say that he would not be home for dinner. He gave no reason, she said, but his tone was belligerent.

"That evening," Betty continued, "I went to dinner at the home of my parents, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Halsey, and I returned to our home at 8 p. m. My husband came home at 9 p. m. He was very much annoyed. He wanted to know why I had not stayed home. He left the apartment in a huff and returned again at 10 p. m., and we again quarreled.

"He said he was through and that he would disappear for three years, stating, of course incorrectly (Whitfield had confused Connecticut's laws with those of New York), that I could then obtain a divorce from him in this state. He had been drinking and immediately thereafter he left the apartment with a traveling bag containing some of his clothes. He was in a truculent mood and without the least provocation on my part he would become quarrelsome.

"At 10:30 that night he called for

his Packard phaeton at the garage, I subsequently learned, and he drove out to Long Island. He phoned me at 3 a. m. the following morning and told me once again that he was going through with his plan to disappear for three years."

That was the last Betty ever heard from the young socialite. Careful investigation supplied other meagre details. On April 15 he showed up at Roosevelt Field and, while attendants wheeled out his plane, Whitfield called his close friend, Frederick L. Johannis, Jr., and asked him to meet his plane at Brentwood Airport, a 15-minute flight from Roosevelt Field.

Whitfield then climbed into his plane, took off and headed east. He was a skilled flier. It was a pretty day. But, officially, no one has seen him since.

A widespread search failed to produce a single clue. His family suddenly abandoned the hunt, giving rise to rumors that unnamed persons had reason to know that Whitfield either was dead or had sought out a secret retreat from which he would return when, as and if he pleased.

Two months after his disappearance, Betty went into court and, on the ground of abandonment, secured a separation and \$350 monthly alimony.

For a year or more there were recurring reports that the Whitfield plane had been seen skimming the skyways from New Haven to New London, or near Binghamton, N. Y., or in Great South Bay, or off Cape Cod.

Betty's revelation of her husband's announced intention of disappearing for three years kept alive the belief of friends and asso-

ciates that Whitfield was safe and would return once his wife had secured a divorce.

When the three years elapsed, and there still was no sign of the young man who had chosen an aerial route to nowhere, friends said he probably was waiting for the passage of seven

years, after which his wife could have him declared dead.

"It would be just like him," said a relative of Whitfield, "to show up to throw her claim into the ashcan."

The seventh anniversary of his disappearance came and went last year without any indication on Betty's part that she would seek to have him declared dead.

Indeed, friends are said to have advised her not to take legal action lest he return to disprove her claim of death—and then vanish again.

Without warning, Betty went to court last fall. Hope soared among Whitfield's friends. Surely now he would return, if only to spite his wife.

What was Betty's motive? Was she, in effect, telling her husband that if he was playing a game she'd like to see his cards? Or was she clearing the way for another marriage?

Shortly after he vanished, Betty, who previously had studied art, resumed her work in this field. She also took a secretarial course, and is employed by a firm which does art work for advertising agencies.

In December, Whitfield was declared legally dead in response to Betty's action.

Still there was no sign of him. On Valentine's Day, this year, Betty was married to Moran in a secret ceremony performed by the Rev. Dr. Minot Morgan.

Friends now have lost hope that Whitfield is alive. Or, if he is alive, that he ever will make known his whereabouts.

On that bright April morning when he flew east, did Death ride with him in the cockpit, determined to make permanent his planned exile of three years? Or did he find some bright spot so alluring as to lead him to sacrifice family and security?



After Having Her Husband Declared Legally Dead, Mrs. Whitfield—the Former Betty Halsey—Recently Married William Moran, an Artist.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

"Miracles of Brain Surgery"

And Turned Into a Gregarious
Hall-Fellow-Well-Met Type,
Who Could Sell Anything to
Anybody. He Became Presi-
dent of His Company.



By Robert D. Potter

Science Editor

MEDICINE has a new role for lobotomy, the brain operation that severs nerves painlessly to cure many types of insanity.

In the hands of its discoverers, Drs. James W. Watts and Walter Freeman of Washington, D. C., lobotomy is now used in some cases as a relief for excruciating pain.

Ordinary pain—the pain of a toothache or a pain in the chest—is often one of the most reliable first-warning, diagnostic signals of medicine. But that is not the pain in which the surgeons are interested.

Rather they are concerned with patients who have terminal cancer, spinal cord inflammation and other ills in which pain is so great it cannot be relieved with morphine and other narcotics. Such patients are being aided by lobotomy, according to the reports of Drs. Watts and Freeman to the U. S. Chapter of the International College of Surgeons.

In the lobotomy operation tiny holes are drilled in each side of the skull in the region of the temples. Into the holes are inserted cutting wires that sever nerve connections to the brain's frontal lobes.

Severing the frontal lobes from the rest of the mind brings great mental changes, for these forward areas are the site of the brain's conscience. Lobotomy, in many cases, helps cure insanity in those persons whose guilt complexes, real or fancied, have made them mentally unbalanced. Their return to sanity is accompanied by marked personality changes. They lose their irrational fears and phobias, are carefree, often jovial, without a worry in the world.

In one case, a shy, timid little bookkeeper became a gregarious hall-fellow-well-met salesman. After his operation he could sell anything to anybody and became president of his company.

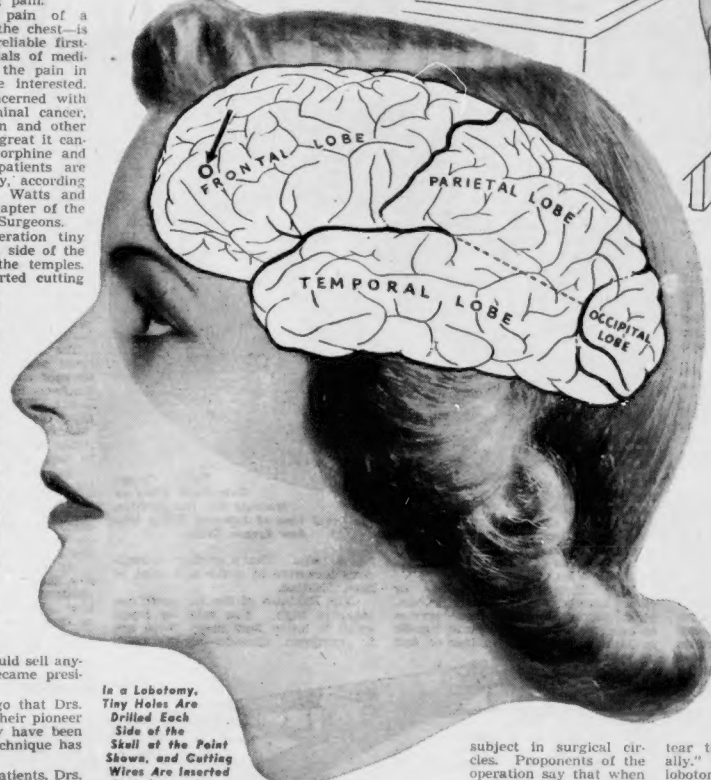
It is just 10 years ago that Drs. Watts and Freeman did their pioneer lobotomy operation. They have been at it ever since. Their technique has been adopted widely.

Among their mental patients, Drs. Watts and Freeman occasionally ran into cases where the victim of insanity also suffered from painful diseases; inflammation of the nerve cells of the spine, terminal cancer and similar afflictions. Although these patients screamed for narcotic drugs to relieve their pain, their torture was so severe that they obtained no relief from the drugs.

After the lobotomy operation was performed, the patients benefited in two ways. They became more rational and the pain abated.

Many of them said the pain was still present but they could stand it

The Shy, Mousy Little Bookkeeper, the Kind That Is the Butt of All Office Pranksters, Underwent a Lobotomy, the Painless Brain Operation...



In a Lobotomy, Tiny Holes Are Drilled Each Side of the Skull at the Point Shown, and Cutting Wires Are Inserted That Sever Nerve Connections to the Frontal Lobes.

and their fear of pain and their anxiety about it was lost.

At first the doctors suspected that perhaps this remarkable new operation could be beneficial only to mental patients. As a control measure the surgeons performed the operation on other patients who suffered intolerable pain but who were not insane. Equally good results were achieved.

Despite the fact that lobotomy has been used on thousands of cases successfully, it is still a controversial

subject in surgical circles. Proponents of the operation say that when used on the right kind of mental patients it returns 65 per cent of these people to good mental health. Opponents challenge these figures and claim they are overenthusiastic.

Despite this argument over statistics and per cent of cures, there is no question that remarkable results are achieved in specific cases.

Here is what happened to Miss ABC, an attractive girl of 19 years, who had been in a mental hospital for over two years.

Illustrated by ARTHUR GROSS

Doctors labeled her a case of dementia praecox. She was really the product of dictatorial parents. An only child, she had been shielded from infancy. Her parents discouraged all her outside interests, defied her to dare be seen with a boy friend. As a result, the girl grew up in a world of her own.

One day the police found her lying unconscious in a subway station. Taken to a city hospital, she was later removed to an institution.

Her parents were finally persuaded to subject her to lobotomy.

Following the operation, the girl's old habits persisted for a few days. She cried, shied away from people, slept poorly and ate sparingly. As the days passed, gradually her new personality developed.

She no longer worried over "every little thing." She became self-confident. She began to seek people.

As pointed out by some physicians the mentally ill are commonly tortured by self-recrimination and a sense of guilt, with the result that some "literally

tear themselves to pieces emotionally." Consequently, he believes that lobotomy may owe some of its success to the fact that the operation relieves the mind of emotional pressure.

Lobotomy is no cure-all for insanity, state physicians, and sometimes the personality changes are overemphasized in the patient.

Too much sense of well-being is a frequent result, as well as procrastination, laziness and increased appetite.

Lobotomy has been performed with success on numerous types of mental illnesses.

Now it can aid normal persons, too, by relieving unbearable pain.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 11

May 19, 1946



With Their New-Found Oil and Mineral Money, Free Vitamins, No Income Tax, Housing or Shirt Shortage, the Eskimos Are Having the Times of Their Chilly Lives

Eskimos Sitting On Top of the World

By Homer Croy

TWO or three years ago something happened in northern Canada that no one paid much attention to at the time. That was the digging of an oil well. The Eskimos came out and stood silently around the machinery and thought the diggers had got "snow craziness." Now those Eskimos are sitting pretty.

This was part of the war effort. It didn't seem possible there would be oil two jumps from the North Pole; it didn't make sense. But it turned out to make cents. The latter is what the Eskimos now have more of than ever before in all their born days.

Not only oil but they're also getting mineral money! And not one cent of income tax do they pay. It's true. No income tax forms to fill out. No housing shortage. No set of relatives sleeping in the best beds. I tell you it's heaven! Of course, a little on the frosty side, but still a mighty nice place to be.

Here's the way the new oil-rich Eskimos escape the housing shortage. They just get out their knives and shovels and build themselves a house. No janitor tipping. No having to buy a set of old furniture at fabulous prices. It's a place to look into.

One more piece of good news. You've never heard of an Eskimo blade going around and saying he couldn't get a new suit. The lad can get a new suit any time he wants one. All he has to do is go out and get a seal and bring the skin in to his wife. His devoted wife chews until it's soft and pliable and then makes the old man a handsome garment. No sales tax, either.

Same thing for shirts. No Eskimo in the oil regions of northern Canada these days has any shirt trouble. All he does is to go out and get him an other seal and it's made to measure by the same firm that fitted his pants. It's the life!

There's even more good news. The Canadian Government supplies the Eskimos with vitamins. The Eskimos get it from the cod, halibut and from seal oil, but now and then they run out. So the Canadian Government loads up some concentrated vitamin preparations, puts them into an airplane and flies them to the Eskimos.

No Eskimo in all northern Canada ever has to go down to the drug store and pick through a mess of bottles and packages with cellophane



Photo by A. Underwood

faces to get the vitamins he wants. No. He just goes down to the airplane and says "Me need P-4." Then he gets it. But this is not all. He doesn't have to pay a cent for his vitamins. The Eskimos take a lot of vitamins.

The Eskimos live in igloos, or snow houses, as everybody knows. Most people think of these houses as being cold as an iron pump handle in January, but as a matter of fact they're plenty warm. They're heated by seal oil; in fact, it gets so warm that the opening at the top has to be made larger. Children are born and get along fairly well. In fact infant mortality is fairly low.

Now with his new prosperity the Eskimo has a summer home, just like you. Or have you? . . . When summer comes he buys some canvas, or extra skins, and goes back to the land and puts up a summer tent. It doesn't cost him one thousandth as much as that summer place of yours.

His next-door neighbor doesn't run his radio loud enough to be heard to Point Barrow. In fact, no Eskimo

Illustrated by HERMAN THOMAS

Until Some Cuts Came Along as Mascots for the Seabees, the Local Idea of Supreme Eating Was Raw Frozen Crabs.

has a radio. That's another tremendous incentive to make one want to turn Eskimo.

The Eskimos of the far north are stepping high. You may be interested to know how many there are in northern Canada—about 7,000.

This does not include the Eskimos of Alaska. In Alaska the situation is a little more complicated, for here are three general divisions—Eskimos, Indians, Aleuts. All these added together make 32,000.

The discovery of oil and changed conditions is true not only for northern Canada, but also for northern Alaska. For example, our Seabees came in northern Alaska and sank a well 1,400 miles south of the North Pole (it couldn't be any other direction). This was 200 miles from the Arctic Circle. It was cold enough to freeze Santa Claus' whiskers, but it takes more than that to slow up a Seabee; so finally oil was brought in.

The Eskimos, in that locality, had never seen a cat until the Seabees brought one in as a mascot. The Eskimos thought it was something to eat. When they found it was only a pet they were astonished.

Another nice item is that the new riches are allowing the Native Sons to buy gasoline engines for their boats. An Eskimo used to go out in his kayak. This is a walrus hide boat where the man sits in the middle with the boat tucked around his chin. The idea was that if he upsets, he wouldn't sink to the bottom of the Arctic Ocean.

It was hard to row a kayak all day, then come in and romp with the children. Now the new gas-propelled boat takes care of all that. Dad isn't so tired now, when he gets in, that Junior can maul the fat out of him.

The discovery of oil and rich minerals is being a tremendous help to the Eskimos of the great barren stretch of northern Canada.



When the First Oil-Drilling Rigs Reached the Far North, the Natives Figured the Drillers Were Snow-Crazy; Now It Makes Sense—and Cents—to Them.



Try Amazing New
Household
SIMONIZ
in Colors

**Keeps Your Furniture bright
 ... and Your Housework Light!**

Have you tried Household SIMONIZ in colors? It's for your furniture and woodwork ... and truly different. Not just another polish ... but the same longer lasting beauty that makes SIMONIZ so famous for cars. Housewives are amazed how easily it applies ... how each of its four shades leaves finishes enduringly brilliant.

Household SIMONIZ is a work-saver, too. Finishes clean up sparkling ... free from dirt, smudges, soiled spots, finger prints and scuff marks ... with just a damp cloth. No oily, dust-catching film ... no unsightly scratches. Try lightening and brightening your home with Household SIMONIZ today!

FOR FURNITURE AND WOODWORK

**Four Beautiful Colors
 to Match All Finishes**

Household Simoniz Accents the True
 Loveliness of Woodwork and Furniture

NEUTRAL—For bleached and light woods
MAPLE—Also for light oak, birch, pine
WALNUT—Also for dark mahogany, oak
MAHOGANY—Also for cherry, redwood

Sold by grocery, hardware, drug, paint, 5 cents to \$1, variety, auto accessory and department stores
THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS
 Recognized for over thirty years as authorities
 on preservation of fine finishes



Monuments to San Francisco's Pioneers Do Emergency Duty Along a Beachfront Road to Keep the Pacific Ocean Away From City's Door.

MONUMENTS once appraised at \$1,750,000 have been conscripted from their silent watches in a San Francisco cemetery for emergency duty. Doing important work in the land of the living, they serve in place of critical materials used for wartime production.

Figures of angels in marble, crosses in granite, wreaths embellished with gold leaf, along with headstones and pedestals, are performing a monumental duty to keep the Pacific Ocean from San Francisco's door. They were substituted for steel and concrete to buttress a beachfront road after storms undermined ten miles or more of the highway.

San Francisco's city engineers were faced with a serious problem when heavy weather battered at the road, washing out the fill along the sides and threatening the roadbed with collapse under the weight of traffic.

It is an important highway, an artery for heavy trucks bearing supplies and equipment. Something had to be done without delay.

Somebody remembered that Laurel Hill Cemetery, at the foot of Lone Mountain in the heart of San Francisco, had been abandoned. Its 33,000 dead had been moved at the rate of 2,000 a month to San Mateo County's Cypress Lawn by a crew of 50 to 60 men working steadily.

What of the tombstones raised above the graves since John Orr—"the first inhabitant of this silent city," according to an inscription marking his plot—was buried on June 10, 1854?

Assistant City Engineer S. P. Duckel did some inquiring and discovered that marble works and monument companies had carted away some of the rock. Tons and tons of statuary, headstones and vaults remained, among them a memorial reported to have cost \$30,000.

Workmen got busy. A big parade of trucks was assembled and put into action. The sculpture and the graven stone were hoisted from the plots

where they had kept tireless vigil across the years and borne to the seashore.

In all, 5,000 tons of stone were taken to the shore of the Pacific to build a wall against the sea. The marble and granite were strewn along the roadside and bedded down with a layer of earth. Then another layer of stone, and another layer of earth until the highway was secure from the elements.

In Laurel Hill's 54 acres some of San Francisco's pioneers were first laid to rest.

There was Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket." There was William S. Clark, who built the first wharf in San Francisco Bay—in fact, the first wharf along California's long coastline. He had neither a piledriver nor timber. So he felled the trees himself and sawed the logs into lumber and fashioned his own piledriver hammer out of ballast pig iron.

One of the most imposing monuments was erected to a Senator Broderick, who once worked as a stone cutter on the Capitol at Sacramento where he afterward sat as a legislator. He was killed in a pistol duel with Justice David S. Terry, of the California Supreme Court, after a political argument.

Eleven United States Senators were buried in Laurel Hill—six from California, four from Nevada and Col. Edward D. Baker, from Oregon. Baker was a great friend of President Lincoln and introduced Lincoln to the audience at his inauguration. Lincoln's second son was named Edward Baker Lincoln in the colonel's honor.

Silas W. Sanderson, chief justice of the Supreme Court of California, selected a unique epitaph for his headstone. It said simply: "Final Decree."

Laurel Hill was legislated out of existence because, with three other cemeteries almost adjoining, it occu-

pled 200 acres in the center of the city—land required for building expansion. There was some opposition but the complainants finally won.

During one argument before the Board of Supervisors, a conservative exclaimed:

"These forebears of ours were promised unbroken sleep. Dare we break that promise? Gentlemen, if old Nathaniel Gray (a pioneer undertaker) could have anticipated that you would entertain this proposal, he probably would have put wheels on his coffins!"

Now, while construction plans await the production of material, thick grass and weeds grow in Laurel Hill among the tombstones, tottering

and broken, that remain. Empty vaults yawn eerily as their open doors creak on rusty hinges. Laurel Hill is, indeed, a dead city of the dead.

At the ocean front the sentinels of the dead lie buried too—perhaps forever. When construction material becomes less restricted the city engineers, according to Mr. Duckel, plan to build an esplanade along the entire beach, providing parking space for cars and stairs down to the water at close intervals.

The monuments will stay, protecting the highway. Whatever improvements are made along the road, the tombstones will not be disturbed again. They are engaged in essential work.



An Abandoned Cemetery Was Conscripted for Road Work When Strategic Materials Became Scarce.

Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY

Start your vacation with *Relaxation...*



The perfect way to begin—and end—a vacation is a short period of complete rest . . . an opportunity to relax and sleep soundly while the miles slip away . . . to dine leisurely . . . to have space in which to move around. Your journey by rail is in itself a vacation.

That's why so many people welcome the return of peacetime travel. They

are planning a summer or fall vacation trip—by train.

Union Pacific offers a variety of passenger service to and from the West Coast; Streamliners, Limiteds, and famous Challenger service, featuring comfort at low cost.

**Your journey by rail will
be the high spot of your
vacation or business trip.**

Union Pacific serves more western scenic regions than any other railroad—the

world's greatest vacation travel bargain.

Among these regions are Colorado, Yellowstone, the Utah-Arizona National Parks . . . California and the Pacific Northwest.



Start your vacation with relaxation—

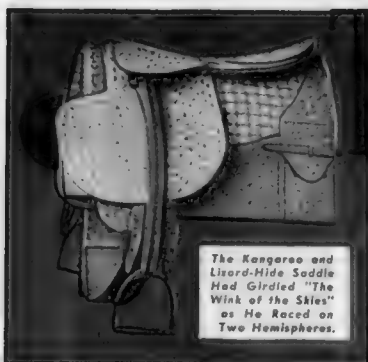
**be Specific —
say "Union Pacific"**



The Power of the

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROD OF THE SUNDAY AND THE CHALLENGER



The Kangaroo and Lizard-Hide Saddle Had Girdled "The Wink of the Skies" as He Raced on Two Hemispheres.

By Dan Parker

MOUNTED in a manner so life-like that one expects him to whinney for his oats, Phar Lap, Australia's wonder horse, stands as if waiting for the barrier to spring, in a Melbourne museum. It would be fitting now if the kangaroo and lizard-hide saddle worn by "The Red Terror" while running the best thoroughbreds of two hemispheres into the ground were sent back to Australia by the heirs of Jockey Georgie (The Iceman) Woolf, whose property it was when he met a death as tragic and unexpected as Phar Lap's in California last January. Not only would it be a gesture of good will but, strapped around the big girth of the Wonder Horse again, it would serve as the other half of an eerie reminder to horse-loving Australians that the Great Racing Gambler isn't always associated with betting.

The lifelike relic of the super-horse and the empty saddle would be grim symbols of two turf tragedies which, though separated by 14 years, were linked by an odd chain of circumstances.

It was back in April, 1932, that the sporting world was stunned by the news flashed from

THE GREAT RACING

Mendo Park, Calif., that Phar Lap, Australia's wonder horse, had been found in the throes of death in his stall at Ed Perry's Peninsula Ranch.

Only two weeks before this, the New Zealand-bred gelding, affectionately known throughout the Antipodes as the Red Terror, had opened what promised to be a dazzlingly successful American campaign by knocking off the rich \$50,000 added Agua Caliente Handicap in record-breaking time. That victory had lined up a series of engagements for the Wonder Horse which practically assured his owners of collecting more money than any other race horse had won up to that time, as the Agua Caliente purse brought Phar Lap's earnings up to within \$45,000 of Sun Beau's record (since broken by Seabiscuit and Whirlaway).

Phar Lap, named for two Javanese words which mean "The Wink of the Skies," a poetic way of describing lightning, struck American racing fans with the impact of a thunderbolt from the moment the horse's two owners, having first experimented with a four-day voyage from Australia to New Zealand which Phar withstood like the Ancient Mariner, decided to risk the 18-day journey from there to San Francisco.

David J. Davis, a San Francisco man who had spent 20 years in Australia, bought Phar Lap as a juvenile for \$800 and took an Australian named Harry Telford into partnership with him. A disappointment as a two-year-old, the lanky gelding with the dazzling red coat had come into his own as a three-year-old, became known as the Wonder Horse in his four-year-old campaign when he won the famous Melbourne Cup, carrying 138 pounds, and had lost only one race out of nine, and that the Melbourne Cup in which he was asked to carry 150 pounds as a five-year-old.

The Red Terror had just turned six when he pranced down the gangplank of the steamer Monowai in San Francisco, Jan. 15, 1932, as ship-

per after 18 days aboard ship as if he had been training all that time. American turf men couldn't understand why Phar Lap's owners took such a gamble with their valuable piece of horse flesh. They shook their heads in amazement when they learned that the animal hadn't even been insured "because no sum they could name would represent the real value of the horse."

But when Phar Lap's trainer, Tommy Woodcock, instead of training his big red charge in the accepted manner, merely walked the horse, occasionally letting him break into a short gallop, they decided this queer lot of Australians didn't know anything at all about the racing business.

On the day of the Agua Caliente Handicap, Billie Elliott, the Australian jockey imported to ride him, mounted him a half hour before the other horses in the race were even saddled and made him support his 128 pounds while the others were being pampered by their grooms.

Georgie Woolf, the American jockey, was riding at Agua Caliente at the time and got to know Elliott, the Aussie rider. Georgie didn't have a mount in the Handicap, but he had a peculiar interest in it. The saddle worn by Phar Lap seemed to exert a peculiar influence over him. Not only was it larger than the saddles worn by American horses but, instead of being made of cowhide, it was of a combination of kangaroo and lizard skin. Woolf, fascinated by the saddle, determined to buy it at any cost.

BEFORE the race, Georgie spoke to Elliott. "I'd like to buy that saddle," he said.

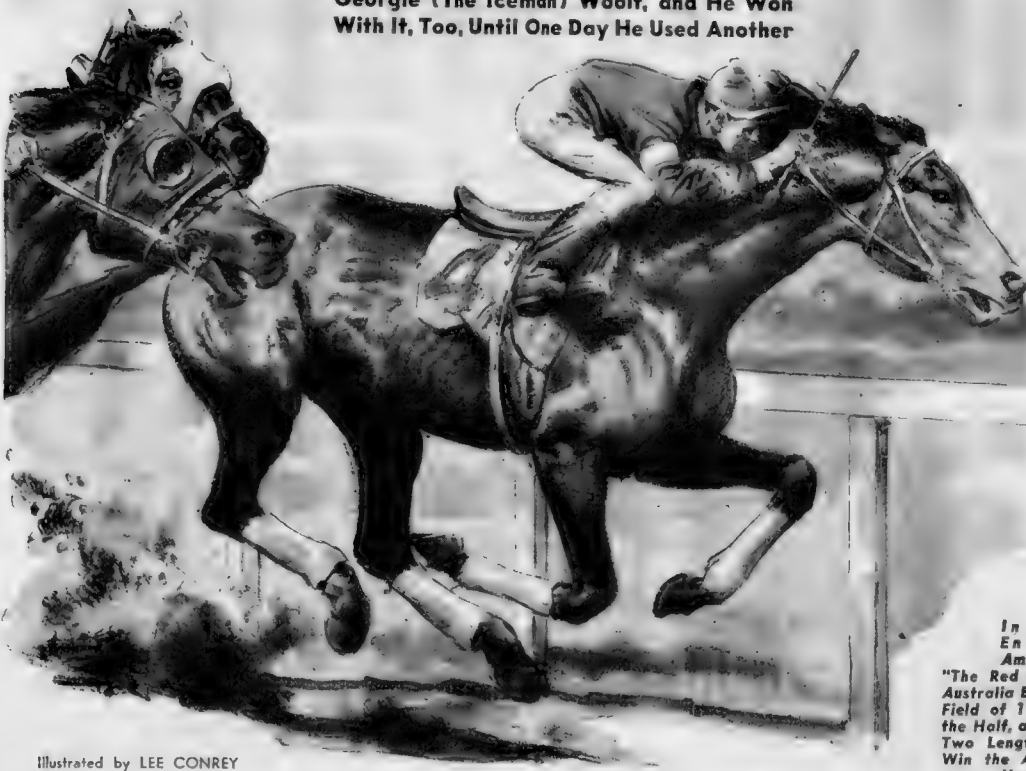
"I'll talk it over with you after the race," Elliott promised.

If Georgie had been a prophet, he might have asked: "What race?"

Phar Lap, breaking from the No. 8 position, was off last in a field of 11 but, with mighty

THE LUCKY SADDLE

The Jockey Who Rode the Immortal Phar Lap to Seemingly Endless Victory Gave It to Georgie (The Iceman) Woolf, and He Won With It, Too, Until One Day He Used Another



In His First Engagement on American Turf, "The Red Terror" From Australia Broke Last in a Field of 11, Led Before the Half, and Coasted in Two Lengths Ahead to Win the Agua Caliente Handicap.

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

May 19, 1934

GAMBLE

strides had quickly taken the lead. At the half mile, he was three lengths in front, increased it to five at the three quarters, beat off a strong challenge by Reveille Boy and coasted in two lengths to the good in the record time of 2:02 4/5 for the mile and a quarter at that track.

AFTER the race, Elliott sought out Woolf, who, having watched the Australian kid ride his masterful race, was full of admiration for him.

"I suppose," said Georgie, banteringly, "you'll want a fortune for the saddle now."

"No. It's yours with my compliments," said Elliott, graciously. "All I ask is that you dedicate one of your races in it to the memory of our friendship here in Mexico."

Georgie, a sentimental lad, was overcome by this generous gesture and promised he'd never disgrace the saddle his new-found friend from Down Under had given him.

Phar Lap, meantime, had taken America by storm. When the story of his record-breaking victory in the Agua Caliente Handicap had been flashed around the country and his long sea voyage and unorthodox training methods were recalled, American sports fans impulsively had given their hearts to him. Though they revered Man o' War, they were willing to concede that at last a horse had come along who threatened to dethrone him as the emperor of the equine kingdom. Offers poured in from all parts of the country for Phar Lap to compete in rich stakes. It was a depression year but the Australian Wonder Horse's presence here had touched off a great turf boom. Even the King of England cabled his congratulations to Mr. Davis.

Then one of those apparently insignificant incidents that often lead to great tragedies took place. While exercising at Agua Caliente for another race there, Phar Lap injured one of his hoofs slightly. The crack was just enough to keep him from starting in his second race and it decided Davis to ship his four-legged prize north to prepare for some races at the Tanforan track outside San Francisco. Ed Perry, who owned a ranch at Menlo Park near Palo Alto, invited Davis to stable the Wonder Horse there and off to Menlo Park he went by horse car.

A carload of Australian oats and pure Australian drinking water in casks was in the same train. The five attendants who watched over the Red Terror slept in the same car with him.

At Menlo Park, the retinue took up quarters in the stable with Phar Lap, which seemed happy in the California sunshine and scenery.

REPORTERS flocked to Menlo Park to see the Wonder Horse but they would have found it much easier to get an audience with the King of England. The story that there was gross negligence on the part of Phar Lap's attendants doesn't jibe with the facts as reported at the time.

On the afternoon of April 4, a party of sportswriters from San Francisco, eager to get some dope for their readers about the Wonder Horse which was soon to race at Tanforan, called at the ranch and found a strange atmosphere prevailing. No one would give any information whatsoever about the horse. He was nowhere in sight and the sportswriters couldn't learn why this was the case. Then someone whispered that Phar Lap was ill. This, the trainer denied.

Meanwhile in the privacy of the stable, Dr. Walter Neilson, an Australian veterinarian, who had accompanied the Phar Lap entourage to America, had a sick horse on his hands. The symptoms indicated a colic condition. As the day wore on Phar Lap's distress grew greater, and nothing Dr. Neilson did seemed to relieve the animal. The next morning, the great race horse lay in his stall, kicking convulsively.

That afternoon Phar Lap gave a mighty gasp and then his powerful legs stiffened. Trainer Woodcock threw himself impulsively on Phar Lap's body, embracing him and weeping hysterically when he saw that death had taken the great race horse, which only two days before had been in perfect health, to all appearances.

Mr. Davis was notified by phone in Los Angeles of the tragedy and flew at once to Menlo Park, unable to believe what he had heard until he saw Phar Lap's lifeless body. Then he cabled his partner, Mr. Telford, in Australia: "Bobby is dead." Bobby was Phar Lap's nickname. Immediately the report was circulated that Phar Lap had been deliberately poisoned. An autopsy the next



Georgie Woolf, Just Before His Death. For Friendship's Sake He Rode a Cheap Horse in a Cheap Race That Didn't Rate the Honor of the Lucky Saddle.



Mounted by a Skilled Taxidermist, Phar Lap's Body Was Exhibited at American Race Tracks and Then Taken to Australia to Become a Memorial to the Greatest Race Horse the Antipodes, If Not the World, Had Ever Produced.

day seemed to bear out this theory for a while. The horse's stomach was badly inflamed and perforated. The best veterinarians in California were called in, including members of the Hooper Medical Foundation of the University of California. Their autopsy revealed the presence of two milligrams of arsenate of lead in Phar Lap's stomach but the experts pointed out that this minute amount should have proved beneficial in-

stead of harmful. Their investigation revealed that the oak trees surrounding the paddock where Phar Lap had romped had been sprayed with a solution of arsenate of lead to kill insect pests and that some of this had probably been washed off the tree onto the grass below by dew and rain.

Their final decision was that Phar Lap had died of a perforation of the stomach caused by a gastric ulcer, complicated with colic caused by eating too much grass which distended the inflamed stomach greatly and smothered the healing action. Phar Lap's body was mounted by a skillful taxidermist and after being exhibited at a number of American race tracks, including Empire City in Yonkers, N. Y., was shipped back to Australia as a permanent memorial.

To this day, there are many Australians who think Phar Lap was deliberately poisoned by American race track gangsters.

Phar Lap's old saddle remained in America when his stuffed body was sent home. Year after year, it brought luck to Georgie Woolf. He wore some of the biggest stake and handicap races in America, crunched over the famous saddle.

Then, one day last January, 14 years after Phar Lap arrived in the same state, Georgie accepted a mount at the Santa Anita track.

not far from where the Australian Wonder Horse had said "Hail and Farewell" to American racing fans. It was a cheap race that Georgie was booked for and a cheap skate that he agreed to ride. A question of friendship was involved and that was enough for sentimental Georgie. Allan Drumheller, for whom Woolf had ridden many horses in the past, had asked him to ride Please Me.

HE didn't strap his lucky saddle onto Please Me that afternoon. Cheap races didn't rate such an honor. At the first turn, Please Me suddenly balked as if refusing to take a fence and threw Georgie over his head against the rail. The Ice Man died the next morning.

If Georgie Woolf could speak from his tomb, he'd probably direct that the lucky saddle of the unlucky horse be sent back to Australia, to be strapped once more around Phar Lap's girth, thus completing the dual symbolism that would remind all who stopped to view the mortal remains of the great thoroughbred that in the Big Gamble of Racing, horse flesh and human life can be snuffed out just as quickly as fortunes.

Other stories of the Great Racing Gamble will appear in early issues.



NEW BEAUTY-LEADER STYLING with modern, streamlined, Door-Action Fenders, featuring new Wide-Wing radiator grille; new hood ornamentation; sparkling new color harmonies; and massive new "Car-Saver" bumpers, giving "round the fender" protection, both front and rear.

In all this new postwar world—

only the New Chevrolet brings you Chevrolet's famous **BIG-CAR QUALITY** at lowest cost!

THE moment you see this beautiful new Chevrolet you'll know that Chevrolet has again kept faith with its millions of owners and prospective owners by giving them Big-Car quality at lowest cost in purchase price, operation and upkeep.

You'll recognize this Big-Car quality in the many vital features found only in Chevrolet and higher-priced cars, and also in every phase of Chevrolet design and construction.

Big-Car quality guides the selection of the basic materials. Big-Car quality governs all Chevrolet specifications. Big-Car quality guards every manufacturing operation, every inspection, every test. And, of course, such quality means much to you—and to all buyers.

Decide now to get Big-Car styling, Big-Car comfort, Big-Car quality, by purchasing a new Chevrolet—the *only* low-priced car with all the Big-Car quality features illustrated here.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT 2, MICH.

NEW CHEVROLET



PROVED VALVE-IN-HEAD THRIFT-MASTER ENGINE

exclusive to Chevrolet in its price range, and giving an unequalled combination of performance and economy.



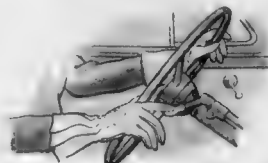
LUXURIOUS BODIES BY FISHER with No Draft Ventilation

with smart, modern lines and contours, with roomy, richly upholstered interiors and with Concealed Safety Steps — by far the most beautiful and most comfortable bodies in the entire low-price field.



POSITIVE-ACTION HYDRAULIC BRAKES

for smooth, safe, positive stops.



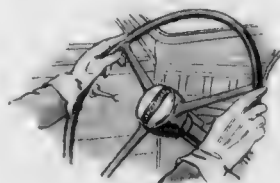
EXTRA-EASY VACUUM-POWER SHIFT with Syncro-Mesh Transmission

the simplest, quickest and easiest of all steering-column gearshifts.



UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION RIDE

giving riding smoothness and riding comfort exclusive to Chevrolet in the low-price field.



SHOCKPROOF STEERING

adding greatly to driving ease, driving comfort and driving safety.

**NEVER HAS CHEVROLET BUILT A BETTER CAR
THAN THIS NEW CHEVROLET**

Representative Edith Nourse Rogers
Recently Pointed Up Her Plan for
Legislation Against Barbiturate Drugs
by Having a Series of American
Weekly Articles Inserted in the
Congressional Record.

Slaves of the Devil's Capsules

EMERGENCY!

As the Sleeping Pill Curse Grows
and the Toll of Lives Mounts, the
Lack of a Practical Antidote Poses
a Tragic Problem That Cries Out for
Stringent U. S. Regulation of the
Barbiturate Traffic



By Samuel Hopkins Adams

IT MIGHT be you. You might open the door, and find a loved one or a friend lying still, breathing shallowly, an empty sleeping pill box on the table.

What's to be done?
It's up to you to act, and medical authorities emphasize that you can't waste seconds. Don't try to give a home antidote; there isn't any you can administer. Call an ambulance. If you can't, call the police. If you can't, call a doctor. You're confronted by an emergency hospital case.

This urgent advice by medical men gains tragic timeliness by the fact that the craze for taking barbiturate pills or capsules, either as sedatives or with drinks as stimulants, is growing in every part of the country. It's because of this, too, that support is steadily developing for proposed stringent federal regulation of the sleeping pill traffic.

Among recent tragedies caused by barbiturates, none more graphically reveals the danger inherent in the drug than the case of Josephine C. Benedict Sharpe, 27-year-old heiress to a typewriter fortune.

It was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning when Dr. J. Douglass Sharpe, the young husband, opened the door to his wife's darkened bedroom in their New York apartment. He went in to say that the quarrel they'd been having was silly and he was sorry.

The few words he spoke fell on deaf ears.

When he turned on the light Dr. Sharpe found his wife, Josephine, in a coma. In the medicine cabinet, a bottle which had contained 50 sleeping tablets was empty.

Although he was a well-trained doctor and did everything in his power, including the administration

of artificial respiration, the husband was not able to revive his wife.

Eventually he called the police. No less tragic was the death of 35-year-old Gertrude de Peyster Gahagan, a socially prominent New Yorker whose mother found her lifeless in her bedroom. Mrs. Gahagan had complained of illness and perhaps quite accidentally took too much of the dangerous sedative drug.

One of the advantages of hospital treatment for barbiturate victims is that there usually is a respirator available for such emergencies. Oxygen can be administered at a moment's notice and the stomach can be washed out by means of a gastric tube.

After proper breathing has been restored and much of the poison washed out of the system, stimulants such as strychnine, ephedrine or picrotoxin usually are injected into the muscles or under the skin.

These drugs relieve the depression of respiratory and nerve centers.

Although many people don't realize it, it is the central nervous system—not the heart—that is affected by barbiturate drugs. Death usually is caused by paralysis of the respiratory, or breathing, center.

Unfortunately many persons who do not understand the potency of these drugs take a fatal dose without knowing it. Others, in a regrettable fit of anger or despondency, may swallow several times what the doctor ordered and die.

It is to protect all potential victims that medical men and members of Congress are campaigning for a law that will limit sale of all barbiturate drugs to prescription only.

Instrumental in creating widespread interest in such legislation, a recent series of articles published by *The American Weekly*—"Slaves of the Devil's Capsules" by Samuel Hopkins Adams—was inserted into the Congressional Record.

A resolution has been introduced

into Congress by Representative Edith Nourse Rogers asking for an investigation by the Federal Security Administrator.

"The use of these habit-forming drugs which has caused the death and suicide of numberless persons is increasing at such a tremendous rate," Representative Rogers reported, "that even the drug merchants, who are permitted to sell the drugs at a big profit without any restrictions, are greatly alarmed."

"They have called upon the federal departments for help in regulating the traffic and have spent long hours in conference seeking relief and regulation."

The alarm of the druggists comes from knowing the danger of taking the drug without a doctor's directions.

Yet in millions of American homes these dangerous medicines are kept



An Overdose of Sleeping Pills Is Believed to Have Caused the Death of the Socially Prominent Mrs. Lawrence Gahagan.

in the medicine cabinet unguarded. Is indiscriminate distribution of these deadly drugs sensible, health authorities ask?

"The matter undoubtedly should be controlled by proper state laws," according to Mrs. Rogers, "but we all know the difficulties and length of time required in securing humanitarian legislation in 48 states. Also, it is undoubtedly an inter-state traffic in many instances coming under the federal government."

"The appropriation bill now before Congress provides for an increase of \$100,000 above their present annual appropriation to the Federal Bureau of Narcotics for inspection and supervision."

"Proper laws to regulate the traffic should be enacted at once."

To Gold and Glory

An Old-Timer Tells of the Stirring Days When the White-Topped Prairie Schooners Covered Half the Continent and of the Dauntless Americans, Men and Women, Who Faced Incredible Hardships and Danger for the Winning of the West

By Billy Dodson

Pioneer Plainsman, Cowboy and Trail Driver
CHAPTER IV

THE man with a sister's curse on him was one of the meanest killers the old west ever saw. That was Don Espinosa. And there's quite a yarn about him, too. It's all mixed up with a sort of love tale that ended in murder. Espinosa turned outlaw after that and put more than 20 men in their graves before Scout Tom Tobin ended his killing rampage.

For years he roamed the country around southern Colorado and northern New Mexico. He would strike in one spot one day, then kill somebody in another place a hundred miles away a day or two later.

And he didn't seem to have any particular reason for killing. I reckon it was just a lust for bloodshed. He didn't rob his victims, just shot them or stabbed them and went on the hunt for another one.

He was a lot like Joaquin Murieta, the outlaw who terrorized California in the gold rush days, killing forty-miners right and left just because he liked to see them drop.

Espinosa had plenty of land and cattle, a nice spread in the Sangre de Cristo mountains. He lived there with his sister Carmencita and she was a beauty, too, dark hair and eyes that sparkled like stars on a frosty night.

A young fellow from New England showed up in that country. Like a lot of other bold ones, he had struck out for the wild west. He was more interested in romance and adventure than a fortune because his folks were wealthy and he always was well supplied with money.

Anyway, he ran onto Espinosa. The two hit it off in great style right from the start. Of course, if you get right down to it the New Englander

probably was a lot more interested in the good-looking sister than he was in Espinosa. He moved in with them at their mountain ranch headquarters. In no time at all he and the sister had quite a case on each other.

I reckon this chap figured he really had hit the jack-pot. He had seen his share of adventure,

crossing the plains in a covered wagon train. Now he was getting his fill of romance under the bright New Mexico skies.

Next thing you knew he was mooning around under the spell of the senorita's warm smile and burning eyes. There soon was talk of wedding in the wind.

Well, sir, there's where the easterner made the wrong play. To show his good intentions he told Espinosa he was pretty well fixed himself, well able to take care of a wife. He hauled out a buckskin pouch to prove it.

The bag was full of gold pieces, dozens of them.

A couple nights later the visitor woke up with a start. He felt a movement at the side of his bunk. He was just able to make out the outline of a figure leaning over him in the darkness.

Then a hand slipped under the pillow, feeling for the bag of gold.

Besides the gold the easterner had a six-shooter under that pillow, too. He grabbed it and fired as the shadowy figure turned to run.

The robber was Espinosa. The bullet just nicked him. He whirled and before another shot could be fired he plunged a stiletto into the young man's heart.

Of course, the pistol shot woke up everybody in the ranch house. The murdered man's sweetheart was the first one to reach his side.

She held the limp body in her arms and cried for a little while. Then a sudden change came over her. Her tears dried. The love that had been in her heart must have changed suddenly to hate for her brother.

She turned on him with a wild scream. "You murderer!"

"I hate you! I hate you! You've killed the only thing I ever really loved."

Tom Tobin, an Old Scout and Mountaineer, Was One of the Best Trappers the West Ever Saw. They Used to Say He Could Trail a Grasshopper Through a Plum Thicket.



"I'll pray the curse of God hounds you as long as you live!"

Well, Don Espinosa did have a curse on him for the rest of his life.

To get away from his furious sister he fled to the mountains. He turned killer that night when he struck out with the blood of his sister's lover on his hands and they weren't free of blood very often after that.

He found a hiding place in the wilds. It wasn't long before he rounded up a few renegades. Like himself, they were killers, too.

SOON travelers along the trails and settlers alike were being shot down by the Espinosa gang's guns. They were all crack shots, too. They never left any survivors.

Once in a while Espinosa would swoop down into a settlement, kidnap one of the young New Mexican girls, and carry her off to the mountain hideout. What happened to them nobody ever knew, but they never were seen again.

A posse was sent out from Fort Garland to capture the outlaw. He dropped one of the soldiers in the party with a fatal shot. He disappeared be-

on Wagon Wheels



Espinosa Would Sweep Down on a Settlement. Kidnap One of the New Mexican Girls and Carry Her Off to the Mountains. They Were Never Seen Again.

for the others could find him.

Not long after that he and one of his outthroats popped up in the vicinity of Canon City, Colorado.

Inside of three weeks they had killed nine men. The first victim was William Bruce, a fellow desperadoes waylaid on Hardscrabble Creek. A couple days later a man named Harkins was shot. Then a rancher, Alderman, was killed from ambush. Everybody the Espinosa met was a target and they never missed.

They were sort of phantom killers. Very few people ever saw them and lived to tell about it. By the time the ninth man had been toppled over the valley was in an uproar, but it wasn't the spirit of the old west to let a pair of outlaws run the decent folks up a tree.

The miners and settlers in California Gulch decided it was time to form a group of vigilantes. John McCannon sent out a call for recruits. He got more than he could handle.

A posse started out, armed to the hat brims with six-shooters and ropes. A tracker picked up a trail. The killers had headed south.

The vigilantes caught up with the pair early one morning. The lead began to fly. One fell, riddled with bullets, but somehow Don Espinosa rode out the curse his sister had put on him and got away. Back in his mountain lair Espinosa laid low for a while. Then one day a letter was delivered to Governor Evans at his office in Denver.

It was from Espinosa. He told the governor about some 15 men he had killed since the night his sister's wrath drove him from his home. "I demand a full pardon," he wrote. "If it is

Illustrated by MATT CLARK



Carmencita Espinosa—She Put a Sister's Curse on Her Sweetheart's Killer.

morning Tom was in the saddle with a bunch of soldiers behind him, back-tracking on the kidnaped woman's trail into the mountains. He was one of the best trackers the West ever saw. They used to say he could trail a grasshopper through a plum thicket.

He and his men had no trouble following the tracks. They wound up through the mountains into pines that got thicker the further the posse went.

Finally, the men had to leave their horses hidden in a clump and go on afoot. Then the going got so tough that Tom was afraid a hunch-backed soldier clumping along in his heavy boots would make a sound.

"Yuh fellers wait here," Tom whispered. "From th' lay o' th' land we must be close to his camp if he ain't vamooseed."

"Ain't no use yuh trampin' through this brush an' maybe scarin' him off. Thar's only one o' him an' thar's one o' me."

Tom slipped off into the thicket. Part of the time he was on his hands and knees, part of the time on his belly. He wasn't making any more racket than a field mouse.

After a couple hundred yards of that he could see that he was coming to a clearing. He edged along slower than ever, then stopped short.

He caught a glimpse of a movement through the trees about a hundred feet ahead of him. He had stepped on a dry twig that snapped. Even in moccasins a man couldn't always avoid making a little sound.

The man Tom was hunting was just as wary as a coyote. His sharp ears picked up that rustle in the brush. He had turned to follow that sound with his eyes.

It was that movement that old Tom had spotted. He stood rooted in his tracks like a pointer. Through the tangle he could see the man that no one but the escaped woman, a few confederates and dead men—had seen since the night he murdered his sister's sweetheart.

Well, Tom had been playing tag with death all his life and he wasn't a bit squeamish about shooting outlaws, wherever or however he got a chance. He wasn't interested in taking Espinosa alive.

It was like shooting a sitting duck. Not very sporty, but you don't give a snake the first chance to strike.

TOM lined up the outlaw's head in his sights and pressed the trigger. Espinosa dropped. Tobin reached the desperado's side just as he gasped his last breath.

The soldiers hurried up at the sound of the shot, but by the time they got to the scene Tom was ready to start the return trip with Espinosa's scalp as a grisly trophy of a man who lived, killed and died under a curse.

(Next week Mr. Dodson will tell you about the white woman who became the mother of one of the fightin'est Indians the West ever saw.)

One of the Few Eagles to Be Trained to Falconry, Mr. Ramshaw Hunts, Retrieves and Obeys His Master Like a Well Trained Dog

GENTLE TERROR of the Skies



It Took Months to Teach Mr. Ramshaw That the Stout Leather Gauntlet on Captain Knight's Arm Was His Home Perch.

Mr. Ramshaw, Right, Meets His Sister for the First Time Since He Left the Nest.

MR. RAMSHAW, aged 17, is a soaring, zooming, diving killer. He is also a golden eagle. Capt. C. W. R. Knight, famous sportsman and bird trainer of Kent, England, found Mr. Ramshaw when he was a tiny, but big-clawed eaglet.

Since that time the eagle and his master have been inseparable except for one occasion when, fleeing two jumps ahead of the Germans, out of Arras, France, they boarded a Dutch freighter for the United States. Some days at sea the ship struck a mine. The destroyer escort halted to pick up survivors. Captain Knight tried to get into his cabin to save Mr. Ramshaw but a sailor dragged him into a lifeboat.

Three days later the damaged freighter was towed into Glasgow, Scotland. Captain Knight hurried aboard and approached his cabin. Inside, perched on a box that floated in a foot of water, Mr. Ramshaw preened his bedraggled feathers, clacking his murderous beak and staring at his relieved master with as much affection as the ferocious eye of an eagle can show.

Mr. Ramshaw is one of the few eagles to be trained to falconry. He hunts, catches and retrieves with the obedience of a well drilled dog.

The difficult training program took many months. Jesses, strong, short leather straps, were fitted to Mr. Ramshaw's feet.

fastened to a creance, a thing which was held by

while Captain Knight stood off swinging a lure baited with fresh meat. At his signal the eagle would soar to the limit of the creance and dive on the lure. Gradually this was brought closer and closer to the stout leather gauntlet on Captain Knight's arm.

At last Mr. Ramshaw learned the gauntlet was his perch, the place where he was fed. Then the creance was removed and he could fly with Jesses only, which are never taken off.

So tame has the great bird become that he will take pieces of meat from the lips of his master. That beak that can rip the throat of a sheep lifts the morsel gently.

Mr. Ramshaw is less gentle in the sky. When loosed he soars until he is a small speck against the blue. He hovers then dives at a rabbit he has sighted a mile away. Then, gripping it in his powerful talons, he returns to his master.

Mr. Ramshaw's life has not been all fun and falconry. In 1939, few weeks after his

the damaged freighter, Captain Knight brought him to the United States. For months he demonstrated flight to the young eagles of the U. S. Air Force. Then he returned to England to demonstrate his aerobatics to the R. A. F. There, in halls packed with flying men, Mr. Ramshaw flew shortly up and down, obeying his master's shouted commands. Thus the young pilots were able to study every aspect of flight.

When Captain Knight first brought his eagle to this country some years ago he noticed that the eagle designed on our 25-cent pieces seemed by the position of its feet to be sickly. He pointed this out to newspaper reporters

and arranged to demonstrate with Mr. Ramshaw just how a healthy eagle would place his feet.

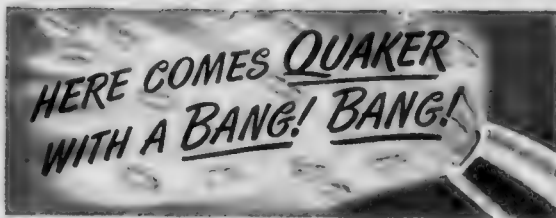
It was after one of these demonstrations that Mr. Ramshaw soared into the sky and treated the inhabitants of Manhattan to a sight they had never witnessed; a golden eagle zooming over the skyscrapers.

Four hours Mr. Ramshaw enjoyed his liberty. Then he returned to his master who was standing on his hotel roof.

How the eagle found that hotel is known only to Mr. Ramshaw.

Captain Knight Tethers the Eagle After His Morning Workout.





RAY MILLAND
 STARRING IN
"THE WELL-GROOMED BRIDE"
 A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
 SAYS —

**"For a tasty breakfast, try
 WHEAT SHOT FROM GUNS"**



RAY: Hi there, Mr. Quaker. From what I hear your food shot from guns is breaking all records with the breakfast fans.

QUAKER MAN: Yes, Ray, people are eating more Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies today than ever before. But then the public always knows a good thing. And you should see how these glorified grains explode from our giant guns. BANG! BANG!—they come out 8 times normal size, deliciously crisp and tender!



RAY: Those grains sure have an eye-ful of appetite appeal, don't they!

QUAKER MAN: Yes, Ray, Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies with some milk and fruit makes a mighty tasty breakfast. Nutritious eating, too, because these delicious grains have natural-grain amounts of Vitamin B₁, Niacin and Iron restored. So let's remind all the folks to buy Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies and also Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies at the grocer's first thing.



**Quaker
 Puffed Wheat
 Sparkies**

Enjoy Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies, too!

It's NEW-

It's safe-

It's sure-kill for fleas

Get the improved SKIP-FLEA Powder, Boss! It has DDT combined with other important ingredients. It kills fleas without stirring them up... without irritating us, too... you know every recent product has to be just what it's safe and it's safe. Stop at the drug or pet store, Boss, and get Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder and Soap so we can get rid of these pesky fleas.

Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA POWDER

Only Forecaster Superb Pipes have this exclusive



Clans, tools, filters smoke • Traps nicotine • Prevents drip

Enjoy a clean, cool, dry smoke always • from a Forecaster.

- he exclusive aluminum winder can be removed in a jiffy—change cleaner as often as you like.
- Choice, rich-grained briar in a variety of popular shapes.

Ask to see the Forecaster Pipes of your dealer. **\$1.50**

See Dealer Pages, 32-39



Relieve the fiery sting of that SKIN IRRITATION and enjoy Sleep Tonight

WHY toss, turn and suffer from itchy burning of simple piles, dry eczema or minor rash? Use soothing Resinol, as many others do, for gentle, blissful relief.

Specially blended with a fine oily base, the bland Resinol medication has prolonged beneficial action. For bathing use Resinol Soap.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Doggy Racketeer

THE war brought hard times to most Frenchmen, but Louis Marie, a flashy character known to his friends in Rennes, Brittany, as the "Duke of Norandy," was an exception. Where others became lean and ragged, Louis always appeared well-fed and smartly dressed. He was even able to purchase an impressive home in the suburbs.

If anyone questioned his prosperity, Louis had a ready explanation. He was a dealer in goat meat, and the times had brought such a demand for the stuff that he had profited.

Louis' neighbors asked no further questions. They all were patrons of the black market and hungry for meat. So long as Louis sold them a few chunks occasionally at a reduced price of \$3.33 a pound, they were happy to have him around.

This good will ended suddenly one evening recently as the result of a walk one of the neighbors took when he was suffering from insomnia. The neighbor happened to pass Louis' villa at midnight just as a shabby truck drove into the grounds.

"It is a delivery to our wealthy friend; I shall see how these affairs are managed," the citizen murmured to himself, halting in the shadow of a tree. The dilapidated vehicle backed up to a barn and a man stepped down. Then a singular thing occurred. The listener heard the driver's rough voice—and then the cries of many animals. But their outburst didn't resemble the bleating of goats; it sounded more like the barking of dogs. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the onlooker. "The police must look into this matter of goats that bark."

Police raided the place a couple of hours later. The truck and its driver were gone, but they caught Louis—literally red-handed, with

a dozen carcasses of freshly slaughtered dogs around him. The victims' hides were identified by owners from a village on the outskirts of Rennes.

The discovery was a grievous blow to hundreds of citizens in the area who had lost dogs. Most had supposed that their pets had run away because there was so little food to give them. Now they knew better. A whole ring of dog-nappers worked with Louis, the police learned, and he even had schoolboys rounding up mutts for them.

One afternoon the courts will sentence these blackest of black marketeers.

Naturally, many who dined upon Louis' roasts and "legs of goat" feel pretty squeamish when they consider the probable origin of these dishes.

They can find consolation of a sort, in newspaper stories revealing that Paris, today, has virtually no cats. And it isn't because the rats have grown tougher.

"Rabbit" was plentiful in many popular restaurants, especially the Chinese places in Argenteuil suburb, when cats were disappearing from all Paris alleys.



The High-Priced "Goat Steaks" It Turned Out Were Cut From the Neighborhood Dogs.



Millions Pay Tribute — But Not One Cent for Repair!

The record of the genuine ZIPPO LIGHTER during the war made this always popular lighter almost a tradition. Yes, thanks to the yanks, ZIPPO has made the world lighter conscious. There is always a spot on this globe, when with a click, a spark, and a flame, a cigarette is lit (instantly), and where a voice will say "That must be a ZIPPO. It lit." That's why dealers are having such a hard job keeping their stock up to demand.

There is another tradition that is fast growing into a new American selling policy. It began years ago, when ZIPPO lighters were first marketed. "ZIPPO" is backed by an unconditional lifetime guarantee... no one ever paid one cent to repair a ZIPPO. The idea has spread. Now many manufacturers are making similar guarantees. We welcome this trend and if lived up to completely as here at ZIPPO, the great American purchasing public will materially benefit...



\$2.50 RETAIL (with initials \$3.50)

NEW! Silver-like case, slimmer, more curved corners and edges — no sacrifice in fuel capacity — built-in lifetime quality. No advance over prewar price.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., Dept. AW, Bradford, Pa.



Pard made a pard of my dog...

• INHIBITS dangerous capacity for companion •

• This Pard is the best I ever had, happy dog •



• Your dog can be the happy, healthy companion you want him to be if you make sure his diet is right. And there is no better prepared food for this purpose than Pard. For Pard provides meat proteins of the same high nutritional value as those of the fresh product—plus essential vitamins and minerals—nutritionally correct, as proved by actual feeding to generation after generation of dogs. No additional meat is ever needed! Feed your dog Pard for 10 days and notice the eagerness and appetite he displays.





Tragic Tea Party

It Wound Up in a Savage Brawl
That Cost the Lives of Seven
Peaceful People

THE TIGER, a
smaller than
usual size.
While the
tiger was
leaping, it
was a
ball of
lightning
flashed from
the nearby
thicket and
landed in
the middle
of the
midst.

The mas-
sive, slate-
colored
bull whirled
around, a
trifle too
late. The
claws of
a big Bengal
tiger raked its
left flank
from buttocks
to neck, and
the bright
blood spurted.
But the bu-
falo's maneuver kept the
tiger from landing on its
back.

The big cat's body crashed
into a tea table 10 feet be-
yond its intended prey. Its
paws slashed wickedly
among the astounded hu-
mans around the table, and
then it sprang again.

THE TIGER, a
smaller than
usual size.
While the
tiger was
leaping, it
was a
ball of
lightning
flashed from
the nearby
thicket and
landed in
the middle
of the
midst.

Most of the patrons fled
from the garden or man-
aged to climb trees to watch
the onset of a battle that
patrons would have given
their choicest gems to see.
It ended in a lucky break
for the buffalo. Catching
the tiger—one of whose
eyes had been blinded—
against a wall, the buffalo
rammed its horns home,
then hurled his maimed vic-
tim into the pool, to thresh
around and drown among
the frightened fish.

For a moment the tired
and bleeding buffalo stood
motionless, as if savoring
its triumph. Then it crashed
back into the thicket.

Slowly, the patrons came
down from the trees and
out of other hiding places.
Not all answered the call.
Seven lay dead and
five wounded. That was the
price Margheritans paid for
being innocent bystanders
at the settlement of a bitter
and deadly jungle feud.

The Claws of
the Tiger
Raked the
Hide of the Buffalo
—and the Maddened Beast
Plunged into the Tables, Knocking
the Terrified Spectators to the Ground.

JUST outside the village of
Margherita in Assam, In-
dia's easternmost province,
there's a pleasant little tea
garden, which the town's
more prosperous natives
have patronized for years.
There, in the shade of the
palm trees, they sit through
the afternoon heat, sipping

tea and watching goldfish
swim lazily in a pool, and
they talk the small-talk of
the East. Sometimes, of
course, they just doze.
For decades it was an
oasis of charm and peace;
then, one day recently, it
became a scene of battle
and sudden death.

The regular patrons, sev-
eral dozen of them, were
drowsing under the palm
fronds when hooves clat-
tered over the hard, dry
ground and a mighty roar
awakened the jungle.
Through the flimsy, rot-
ten bamboo fence of the tea
garden burst a frightened

WELSH

Easy-t-Turn

CARRIAGES

THIS IS THE LOVELY "PATRICIANI!"

Another Post-War Beauty!



Welsh is rapidly bringing
mothers a fine selection of
the famous Easy-Fold Car-
riages with the new Easy-T-
Turn feature:

Marvelously easy for mother
to operate—at the slightest
directed movement turns cor-
ners or into doorways with-
out lifting.

A glorious, jar-free ride
for baby. Modern canopy,
protective windshield. All
features of comfort and
safety!

MAKES CIRCLES
WITHIN ITS OWN LENGTH

EASY-TURN!

EASY-FOLD

WORLD'S LARGEST
MANUFACTURERS
OF FOLDING BABY
CARRIAGES.

WELSH
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

EASY-T-TURN

SEND DATE OF YOUR
BABY'S BIRTH TO
WELSH CO. FOR
FREE HOROSCOPE!

First
ent on
urf.
From
it in a
before
ted in
rd to
liente



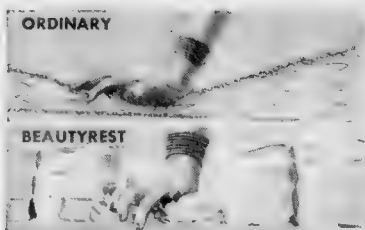
Lovely VIRGINIA MAYO, now appearing in the Samuel Goldwyn production, "THE KID FROM BROOKLYN," starring DANNY KAYE.

What to do... IF YOU NEED A NEW MATTRESS

1. The best thing to do... is to wait until Beautyrest is back!

For, remember, a mattress is one of the most important purchases you ever make. It's an investment in rest... in comfort... in well-being. So it pays to buy wisely!

And what could be wiser than waiting a while longer... when that waiting will bring you at least ten glorious years of "luxury comfort"—with Beautyrest!



2. "Inside Story" comparison! On the outside, mattresses look pretty much alike. It's *what's inside* that counts! In the ordinary inner-spring mattress, coil springs are tied together, go down together, forming uncomfortable hollows.

But Beautyrest's 837 coil springs are not tied together, act independently. Each separately cushions your *hips, shoulders, legs*... gives you gloriously buoyant comfort! Isn't it wiser to wait for this?



3. Comfort you can count on! After a few years, some mattresses lose their "looks" and "let you down." But *not* Beautyrest. It does not sag, get lumpy or out of shape. Its patented "sag-proof" border stays neat, firm, resilient. (That's why Beautyrest needs turning no more than 4 or 5 times a year.)

Eight side ventilators help keep it fresh and sanitary, too. Isn't it wiser to wait for a mattress like this?



4. "Million Dollar" luxury—1¢ a night! It's seldom you get a bargain when you buy a luxury—but your Beautyrest is both!

Over its 10 guaranteed years of luxurious comfort—yes, 10 guaranteed years—all it costs is about 1¢ a night.

How little to pay for the world's most comfortable mattress! More reason why it's so much wiser to wait—and invest in a Beautyrest!

It's wiser to wait for **BEAUTYREST***—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress

Made by **SIMMONS COMPANY**

("MAKER OF THE ELECTRONIC BLANKET")

FOOT HEALTH WEEK

MAY 18-25

Sponsored by National Association of Chiropodists

MAKE EVERY WEEK

Happy Feet Week
WITH
BLUE-JAY!

WHY SUFFER foot pains? There's a Blue-Jay remedy for every common foot ailment. Just ask at drug or toilet goods counters for famous BLUE-JAY foot aids and enjoy foot happiness.



Get Greater Corn Relief
This NEW Way...

Only BLUE-JAY Has Pain-Curbing Nupercaine*!

Wonderful 3-way reliefs: (1) Soft Dura-felt pad INSTANTLY stops shoe pressure, (2) Blue-Jay's exclusive ANESTHETIC Nupercaine* curbs surface pain, (3) GENTLE medication loosens hard "corn" ... just lift it out in a few days! Two sizes: Standard, and Little Toe. Also Blue-Jay Soft Corn Pads with Nupercaine.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Brand of Dibocaine



RELIEF FROM CALLUSES

Blue-Jay's medicated Callus Plasters relieve pressure, help remove hard callus. Also Blue-Jay Callus Protect-O-Pads, Mole-ids or Wet-Pruf, to prevent returns.

STOP BURNING FEET

Blue-Jay Foot Powder cools, soothes, reduces perspiration, and deodorizes! For restful massage, Blue-Jay Foot Balm.

PREFER LIQUID

For Treating Corns? Blue-Jay Liquid Corn Remover has same removal medication as Blue-Jay Corn Plaster. Softens corns for easy removal.



For More Serious Foot Ailments, See Your Chiropodist

BLUE JAY

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

GIVE ME WORK SHIRTS AND PANTS BEARING THE FAMOUS PEPPERELL FABRICS LABEL FOR ALL MY TOUGHEST JOBS!

ME? I ALSO BUY "TWIN VALUE" WORK CLOTHES. PEPPERELL'S NAME MEANS FABRICS SMART ENOUGH FOR TOWN WEAR, TOO!

PEPPERELL FABRICS

Let this label bring you longer-wearing, better-looking work shirts and pants!

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Made by the makers of famous PEPPERELL SHEETS

Two-Faced Heroes

WHEN the history of the Second World War is written, one of its most heroic and tragic chapters will tell the story of men who emerged from the struggle with twisted, ugly faces.

These living caricatures are not the victims of scars suffered on the field of battle. They are grim masterpieces of plastic surgery performed so that the patriotic patients might better serve the Allied cause in the midst of the enemy.



Many a Man Wears an Ugly Face as a Badge of His Patriotism.

The incredible story of some of these two-faced heroes, written by George Sava, the famous English plastic surgeon who remodeled their features, is told in next week's issue of The American Weekly.

The doctor reveals, with engaging frankness, some of the dramatic results of the secret operations that went on in his surgery for five historic years.

TAKE it from Actress Betty Field, the star of a current Broadway hit called "Dream Girl." It's a wise woman who knows when her day-dreams are running away with her and does something about it.

One of the articles in next week's American Weekly presents Miss Field's views on the importance—and the dangers—of day-dreaming, and includes a few more technical opinions on the subject by Portia Hamilton, the eminent psychologist.

Dr. Hamilton tells you, in her portion of the article, how to find out whether you are indulging in sensible day-dreams, or upsetting yourself and the folks around you by impractical and oversize hopes that can never come true.

THE sun is on another rampage. From now until some time in 1948 the source of earthly life will bombard this planet with the atomic artillery of a violent rash of disrupting sunspots.

Ultra-violet rays, highly energetic electrons and other solar radiations will produce great displays of "northern lights." They will cause radio fadeouts and all kinds of disturbances of our electrical and magnetic machinery.

Just what's happening in the sun will be plainly and dramatically explained in next week's magazine. You'll be amazed at the latest news from the uneasy and hectic center of the solar system.

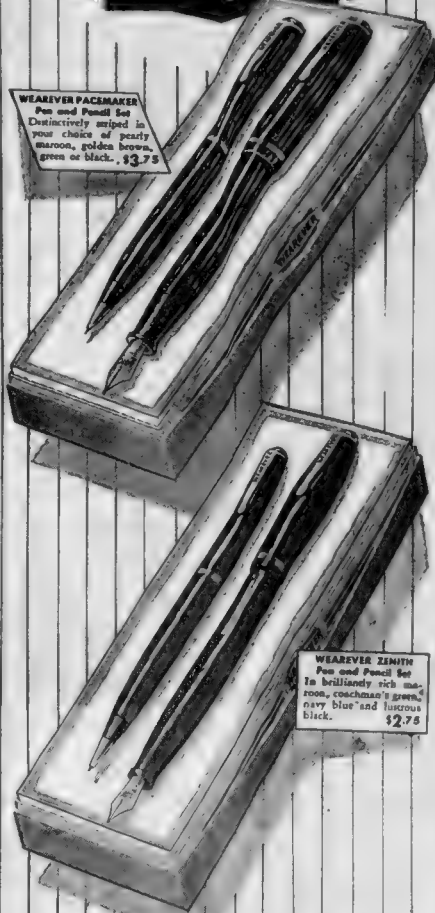
Great Gifts for Graduation



FEW gifts, somehow, are as appropriate for graduation as a fountain pen and matching pencil. This year Wearever presents distinguished gift sets of matchless beauty and rugged dependability. They are sheathed in gleaming, modern plastics. The pens write easily, unfailingly—thanks to such features as "C-Flow" feed, 14 Karat gold points, larger ink capacities. The pencils are gems of mechanical perfection.

Choose guaranteed Wearever sets for your graduation gift giving. They are made by America's largest fountain pen manufacturer, this year celebrating its fiftieth year in business. David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J.

WEAREVER



WEAREVER PACEMAKER
Pen and Pencil Set
Distinctively styled in your choice of peaty maroon, golden brown, green or black. \$3.75

WEAREVER ZENITH
Pen and Pencil Set
In brilliantly rich maroon, coachman's green, navy blue and lustrous black. \$2.75

by America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

© 1946, David Kahn, Inc. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



By Peter Levins

"I WAS walking through that field over there and I saw a strangelooking bundle with blood on it!"

Mrs. Sallie Worrell, a resident of Media, Pa., a suburb of Philadelphia, gasped out the words to William Rowson, blacksmith for the Rose Tree Hunt Club in Media.

"It isn't tied with string," she continued as they hastened toward the spot. "That's what made me stop. It's held together with straps!"

They reached the newspaper-wrapped bundle, half hidden in the bushes. Rowson bent over it, saying, "You're right, it does look like blood." Then he leaned closer. "Say, these aren't straps!" he exclaimed. "They're belts—men's belts!"

He released one buckle, then another. Mrs. Worrell, watching, suddenly screamed.

"Then, Last Tuesday, She Said She Would Go to My Wife. She Shouted So I Was Afraid Someone Would Hear Her. Before I Knew What I Was Doing..."

What they beheld was the headless, legless body of a young woman. The neck had been severed flush with the shoulders. The torso was covered by a short blue serge dress and short blue coat. The left hand was clasped in a rigid clutch. There was a wristwatch on the left arm.

Fifteen feet away, Rowson found another bundle. It contained two legs clothed in flesh-colored silk stockings and low suede shoes.

Soon officials of Delaware County converged on the scene—District Attorney William Taylor, Chief of Detectives Oliver N. Smith, Deputy Coroner W. C. Rigby, and Dr. D. Clark Shull, coroner's

physician. Also Sergeant Dahlstrom of the Pennsylvania State Police.

"A fairly skillful job of dismemberment," Dr. Shull remarked.

Later he reported that the dilation of the lungs indicated strangulation.

The officers discerned the tracks of a car on the side of the near-by road—a car which had stopped, then gone on. They noted, too, that the bundles had been wrapped in Philadelphia papers of the day before—Jan. 20, 1936.

"Observe," Sergeant Dahlstrom remarked to the others, "that there are no traces of dirt on the victim's shoes."

Checking first with Philadelphia, they learned

Illustrated by JOSEPH WATSON LITTLE

of the STRANGLER

Anna May Dietrich—the Milliner's Melon Took a Party Dress and Silver-Heeled Slippers Along for the Date That She Never Knew

... named Anna May Dietrich, a milliner's melon who lived in Norwood, a working-class district, who had parted from her sister, out of Philadelphia, and had not been seen since. The Schuhs, in the past, had phoned several persons, but without result. Those look like her clothes," said the undertaker's in Norwood.

When did Mrs. Schuh last see her?" District Attorney Taylor inquired.

They separated at 11th and Market streets. Anna said she had a dinner engagement and that she planned to take a dance lesson after that. She had a party dress and a pair of dancing slippers with silver heels had them in a bundle."

The Schuhs did not know with whom she'd had the dinner engagement. She'd never told them much. "I called several persons but they couldn't seem to help us any," Schuh said. "One of them I called was Nathan Warren. He has a roofing shop over the millinery store where she worked. He told me he had a date to have dinner with her last evening, and he had wondered why she hadn't showed up for work yesterday."

MEANWHILE the newspapers were playing up the discoveries in Media. They speculated on whether a maniac was on the loose.

Next day, more big news—the head was found, wedged between ties of a Pennsylvania Railroad trestle bridge over Naylor's Creek, near Bywood, another suburb. It had been wrapped in newspapers; the hair had been only slightly disarranged; there was not a mark of violence on the head or face, but the neck was missing!

The head had been severed just under the chin.

Near by, officers discovered the remains of a small fire. In the ashes they found a scorched bit of carpet, with stains on it, several wisps of fur, and a plain dress pin.

A wider search the next morning yielded, in the same clump of woods, a bucket containing charred pieces of the party dress, part of a silk undervest, and the silver heel of a slipper.

The Philadelphia police, under George W. Elliott, director of public safety, began to check on various male acquaintances of the 34-year-old victim. According to one report, she had lately become infatuated with "a man named Nicholas from New York."

"We heard about Nicholas from a chiropractor named David Marshall who cured Anna of insanity years ago," Schuh said. "She had great faith in Dr. Marshall, and probably talked with him more freely than she ever would have to a layman. He called me after I made my first identification of the remains. Said the crime must have been the work of a maniac, since no sane person could have perpetrated such a deed."

SERGEANT DAHLSTRAM visited Dr. Marshall at his office on S. 17th St., then they drove out to the D. A.'s office in Media. However, the meeting seemed unproductive except for a further scrap of information about Miss Dietrich's romance with Nichols.

"I got the idea, the last time she came to my office, that matters weren't going too well," he said. "That was 10 days before she disappeared."

"Had you yourself been interested in Miss Dietrich in a romantic way?" Taylor inquired.

The 43-year-old chiropractor smiled as he shook his head. "Not if I happen to be an extremely devoted husband. Have a daughter 12 years old."

"And your home is where?"

"Bywood. We have a very comfortable little place in Bywood."

"We'll stop by there," Dahlstram said.

The call at the Marshall home developed nothing of significance. The same could not be said, however, about their



David Marshall—the Chiropractor Was Anna May's Confidant, Her Sister Said.

next step off—at the doctor's office.

First off, Dahlstram and Chief of Detectives Smith noticed that the floor had been freshly varnished, and that there was a new rug in the operating room. Dahlstram stopped in to the dressing room, then examined articles in a cabinet in the operating room. When he turned to Dr. Marshall, he held a shiny object in his hand.

"Had this office for some time, Doc?" he inquired.

"Yes, quite a while." "I see you have a new rug."

"Yes, I make a practice of renewing the furnishings every so often. Bad business to let a place get run down."

"Bad business," Dahlstram agreed. He looked at the object in his hand—a hacksaw. "I found some bloodstains in the closet."

Marshall stared at him, then laughed shortly.

"What are you trying to get at? I had a party here recently. Fellow got a bust on the nose."

"Where'd you get this hacksaw?"

"At the moment, I don't remember."

"Had it a long time?"

"Yes, at least a year or so."

"Looks pretty new for a year-old saw," Dahlstram remarked. "How about those stains under the varnish?"

Marshall started. "They came from the man who hurt his nose. Listen, Officer, you're on the wrong track. I'm a respectable married man."

"Maybe that explains things," cut in Detective Smith. "You'll have to come to Media with us."

They took him to the morgue. They confronted him with the body. He bent over the body and exclaimed, "Ah, how I wish those lips could speak!"

Next they gathered in Taylor's office, and the grilling went on hour after hour. He told them over and over that they were wasting their time. Finally they left him alone with Taylor, resorting to a well established maneuver in the strategy of examination. Instead of facing a barrage of accusations, the suspect now had to contend with nothing more than a quiet man who seemed to have very little to say.

But the maneuver had its effect. Within a few minutes, Marshall was saying, "I want to tell you how it happened. It's true that she died in my office but I swear I didn't kill her! She com-

mitted suicide! She took poison!"

"Why did she do that, Doc?"

"She was crazy about that fellow Nichols. I guess he'd ditched her. I lost my head."

Taylor had officers take the suspect out for something to eat. During the meal, Marshall exclaimed, "Boy, I'm glad that's over with!"

He was wrong about that.

They took him to the office of the Philadelphia D. A., Charles E. Fox. "We want the true story of what happened," Fox told him.

"I have told the true story," Marshall asserted.

"No. For one thing, we know that Miss Dietrich did not die from any poison."

But she told me she had taken poison."

"In the second place, Dr. Marshall," Fox continued, "you haven't explained that little matter of the neck."

"What do you mean?"

"Why didn't you leave it?"

Marshall looked trapped.

"You had to go to that extra trouble," Fox said, "because there were marks on Miss Dietrich's throat—the marks of your fingers!"

Marshall collapsed. "I'm lying!"

HE RELATED that Anna had first come to his office eight years before, and after a few meetings she had fallen in love with him. He had not told her that he was married; later he had confessed this fact but had assured her that he would get a divorce. Finally he had tired of her.

"She kept demanding that I take her to cabarets, but I didn't want to take the risk of being seen with her. I regretted that I had ever been unfaithful to my wife."

"Then, last Tuesday, she said she would go to my wife. She shouted so I was afraid someone would hear her. Before I knew what I was doing, my hands were on her throat!"

That night, locked in a cell, he gave some earnest advice to two jail guards.

"Let me tell you something," he said. "You are both young men. You have your lives before you. Mine all lies behind me. I am not guessing. I know what I tell you is right. Keep away from women, especially if you're married. Don't run around. Stick to your wives. If you start running around, the habit will get you and the first thing you know you're caught."

"That's what happened to me, Fellows. I started to go around. I slipped, and the first thing I knew I had a hold on me."

Several weeks later, after a trial before Judge Harry S. McDevitt, he was convicted and sentenced to 10 to 20 years at hard labor.

That little matter of the neck...

The police were on their annual picnic at the time of the celebrated Borden murders in Fall River. Read Peter Levins' account next Sunday.



When Baby's crankiness means "Childhood Constipation"



...give **Fletcher's Castoria!**



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your child is cross and cranky, and you know that crankiness comes from "Childhood Constipation", the wise thing to do is this:

Give him Fletcher's Castoria. It's so gentle and safe, yet it works thoroughly and effectively. It won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is especially made for children. It contains no harsh

drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Fletcher's Castoria has such a pleasant taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without forcing.

Get Fletcher's Castoria at your drugstore today. Look for the green and gold laboratory control number on the package.

Always take a laxative only as directed on this package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA

The original and genuine



Millions prefer its *Soft* strength

30 May 19, 1946

Laughing Off Crime

By D.A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.

TWO armed thugs entered a Philadelphia laboratory. "This is a stick up," the tough leader barked out the side of his mouth.

The half dozen defenseless laboratory nurses couldn't take the thugs seriously. It was all right to rob a bank containing money, but these gangsters were trying to rob a different bank—a blood bank. The nurses thought it was funny.

One nurse started to laugh. That touched off the others. The masked rob-

ridicule. He dashed out.

Woman's ridicule brought another desperate man to his senses. Maurice Nast, a retired salesman, decided to end it all by jumping off the roof of a New York City hotel, 175 feet above the glass roof of the ballroom. Nast teetered for an hour and a half on an eight-inch wide ledge. Police threatened to arrest him unless he came back into the hotel. Firemen spread a net to catch him. Friends tried to lure him back into the hotel by saying he was wanted on the telephone. Girls offered him beer if he came back to safety, but Nast grimly stuck to his precarious perch.

Finally a girl student of salesmanship, Miss



When the Nurses Laughed in the Faces of the Thugs, the Crooks Got Out of the Place Fast.

hers couldn't stand being laughed at by half a dozen pretty nurses. Blushes came to the unmasked portions of their faces, and they turned on their heels and fled.

They could stand a man's threats or oaths, but a woman's giggles broke them down.

A couple weeks later, up in Brantford, Ontario, another masked man entered a candy store. He came into the place all doubled up, as if he had a stomach ache, then suddenly straightened up, pointed a gun at Mrs. P. Myring, and threatened to shoot if she didn't turn over the contents of the cash register at once.

The stick-up man had looked so ridiculous all cramped over with the mask dangling below his eyes, that Mrs. Myring felt like laughing.

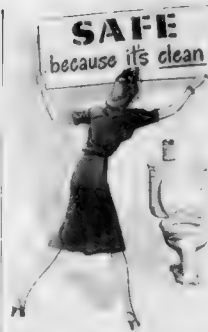
"Oh, yeah!" she giggled at his hold-up threat. And that tough character couldn't stand a woman's

ridicule. He dashed out.

Woman's ridicule brought another desperate man to his senses. Maurice Nast, a retired salesman, decided to end it all by jumping off the roof of a New York City hotel, 175 feet above the glass roof of the ballroom.

Nast teetered for an hour and a half on an eight-inch wide ledge. Police threatened to arrest him unless he came back into the hotel. Firemen spread a net to catch him. Friends tried to lure him back into the hotel by saying he was wanted on the telephone. Girls offered him beer if he came back to safety, but Nast grimly stuck to his precarious perch.

Finally a girl student of salesmanship, Miss



Your housewife's reputation is safe when you know your toilet bowl is clean. A clean toilet bowl has no odor. Sani-Flush is your safeguard.

The toilet bowl cleaner that works quickly, surely, by chemical action.

Sani-Flush disinfects—removes stains and invisible film, sources of germ growth and odors. No scrubbing. It's harmless to septic tanks—works effectively in hard and soft water. Sold every-

where in two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

USE
TWICE
WEEKLY



Want to do a Clean-Up job in Sandy's mouth?

Then feed him a hard, crunchy food... feed him Milk-Bone. For chewing it helps keep his mouth clean and healthy, develops teeth and gums while supplying hearty, wholesome nourishment. For a happier dog, with a cleaner mouth, switch your pet to Milk-Bone. Your dealer has this time-tested food.



Milk-Bone Biscuit contains nutrients your dog needs. Vitamins A, B, C, D and E... Meat Meal... Fish Liver Oil... Whole Wheat Flour... Minerals... Milk.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

MONDAY SICKNESS

Pepto-Bismol is good for that.

"Monday Morning Stomach" often follows week-ends of excessive eating and drinking, and insufficient sleep. If you suffer from "Blue Monday" get in the pink with soothing, pleasant tasting PEPTO-BISMOL. Ask your druggist for PEPTO-BISMOL when your stomach is upset.

A NORWICH PRODUCT

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

FOR ALL LIGHTERS

RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'

5 Extra-long RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS' with the distinctive 'REDSKIN' coating Best for ALL lighters

yes, there is a difference!

RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS' are extra long. Their perfect tempered hardness assures showers of sparks. The double REDSKIN coating is your double protection against powdering.

AND for best all-round service use also the NEW super-life RONSONOL FUEL and RONSON REDSKIN WICKS.

FREE Book, "How To Get The Most Out Of Your Lighter." Write Dept. A5, Ronson, 1 Aronson Square, Newark 2, N. J.

By RONSON
of World's Greatest Lighter

NEW! SULFA DRUG FORMULA FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT!

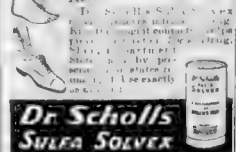
Itching, Red, Raw, Cracked Or Peeling Skin Between Toes Or On The Feet



Noted Doctor's Powder Preparation

DANGER lurks on every surface not hygienically clean. Don't let your and your family's feet be infected by the spores of this invisible enemy. Millions have this affliction.

Take no chances! Use Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solver to keep your feet and feet of others clean and healthy. It's a powerful disinfectant and deodorant. It kills germs and keeps them from coming back. It's the most powerful disinfectant and deodorant ever formulated. It's the most powerful disinfectant and deodorant ever formulated. It's the most powerful disinfectant and deodorant ever formulated.



Your Daily Diet Plays an Important Role in Your Quest for Healthier Hair. Read the Helps for Your Hair Problems on Page 37 in This Issue.

Baffled by a Boat

"ANYBODY here know how to build a boat?"

Police Inspector Michael Thomas, who asked the question, anxiously scanned the faces of his fellow townsmen of Moree, Australia, whom he had summoned together for an emergency meeting in the town hall. They shook their heads negatively.

"Has anybody here ever seen a boat?"

Again the inspector looked about the room. And again there was a shake of heads.



The Men Who Never Had Seen a Boat in Their Lives Whacked Together a Crude Raft of Logs to Save Their Marooned Neighbors.

One man rose. "Down Sydney way once," he began, "I saw some cargo ships, but I don't suppose that'd help much. . . ." The crowd laughed, and, sheepishly, he sat down.

"What're we going to do?" a woman in the audience asked. Inspector Thomas scratched his head. "I dunno," he replied. "That's why I called you all together to see if we could work something out."

Moree—a little town in New South Wales some 413 miles from Sydney—was faced with its toughest municipal problem. Rain had been falling in torrents for days—unprecedented weather for the area. A small river near the town that had been dry as long as anybody could remember was a raging flood nearly a half mile across.

Farmers were marooned and Moree, for the first time in its history, had need of a boat. Being inland

away from the water, and in a remote area, it was not surprising that none of the townspeople had ever had occasion to construct such a craft.

The town librarian rose. "We've got plenty of pictures of boats in different books," he suggested. Inspector Thomas ordered him to fetch them. Then he asked how many carpenters were in the audience. There was a show of a dozen hands.

"Round up all suitable lumber," the inspector ordered. "And bring it down to the river's edge." Then the meeting broke up, and the town, to a man, despite the pouring rain, went down to see the keel-laying.

The carpenters, after studying the pictures, whacked together a crude raft of logs, to save time. A great cheer went up when it was pushed into the water and—despite a startle list—actually floated

He Misses His Wife

FOR the past 40 years a man named Frank Mansfield has been going around the country shooting at his wife—and missing her. He hangs away at his daughter, too.

The authorities never have tried to stop Mr. Mansfield from this habit because he's a man with a kind heart and an eagle eye. He makes his living shooting at the two women he loves most: He's one of the best trick shots in show business.

Mr. Mansfield saw a

shooting act in vaudeville soon after the turn of the century and decided that was a nice way to make a living. So he became an expert with the rifle.

Thousands of people have seen him shoot glass ball targets from the heads of his wife and daughter, at circuses, fairs, on the vaudeville stage and at sportsmen's shows.

"I'll always miss them," says Mansfield, "because I never see them when I look down the sights! All I see is the little glass globes."

I am at my loveliest always

I use
Park & Tilford
"COLOR-KEYED"
FACE POWDER

YOU, too, will be loveliest with the CORRECT shade of face powder. How to be sure? See the Park & Tilford "Shade Selector" at any toilet-goods counter. Instantly, it reveals the shade COLOR-KEYED to your greater glamour! And this powder is amazingly fine—stays on hours. In \$1 and smaller sizes.

IT'S BEAUTY-WISE...TO GLAMOURIZE...WITH PARK & TILFORD PERFUMES & COSMETICS
PERFUMES: IN 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 120, 150, 180, 200, 250, 300, 350, 400, 450, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1200, 1500, 1800, 2000, 2500, 3000, 3500, 4000, 4500, 5000, 6000, 7000, 8000, 9000, 10000, 12000, 15000, 18000, 20000, 25000, 30000, 35000, 40000, 45000, 50000, 60000, 70000, 80000, 90000, 100000, 120000, 150000, 180000, 200000, 250000, 300000, 350000, 400000, 450000, 500000, 600000, 700000, 800000, 900000, 1000000, 1200000, 1500000, 1800000, 2000000, 2500000, 3000000, 3500000, 4000000, 4500000, 5000000, 6000000, 7000000, 8000000, 9000000, 10000000, 12000000, 15000000, 18000000, 20000000, 25000000, 30000000, 35000000, 40000000, 45000000, 50000000, 60000000, 70000000, 80000000, 90000000, 100000000, 120000000, 150000000, 180000000, 200000000, 250000000, 300000000, 350000000, 400000000, 450000000, 500000000, 600000000, 700000000, 800000000, 900000000, 1000000000, 1200000000, 1500000000, 1800000000, 2000000000, 2500000000, 3000000000, 3500000000, 4000000000, 4500000000, 5000000000, 6000000000, 7000000000, 8000000000, 9000000000, 10000000000, 12000000000, 15000000000, 18000000000, 20000000000, 25000000000, 30000000000, 35000000000, 40000000000, 45000000000, 50000000000, 60000000000, 70000000000, 80000000000, 90000000000, 100000000000, 120000000000, 150000000000, 180000000000, 200000000000, 250000000000, 300000000000, 350000000000, 400000000000, 450000000000, 500000000000, 600000000000, 700000000000, 800000000000, 900000000000, 1000000000000, 1200000000000, 1500000000000, 1800000000000, 2000000000000, 2500000000000, 3000000000000, 3500000000000, 4000000000000, 4500000000000, 5000000000000, 6000000000000, 7000000000000, 8000000000000, 9000000000000, 10000000000000, 12000000000000, 15000000000000, 18000000000000, 20000000000000, 25000000000000, 30000000000000, 35000000000000, 40000000000000, 45000000000000, 50000000000000, 60000000000000, 70000000000000, 80000000000000, 90000000000000, 100000000000000, 120000000000000, 150000000000000, 180000000000000, 200000000000000, 250000000000000, 300000000000000, 350000000000000, 400000000000000, 450000000000000, 500000000000000, 600000000000000, 700000000000000, 800000000000000, 900000000000000, 1000000000000000, 1200000000000000, 1500000000000000, 1800000000000000, 2000000000000000, 2500000000000000, 3000000000000000, 3500000000000000, 4000000000000000, 4500000000000000, 5000000000000000, 6000000000000000, 7000000000000000, 8000000000000000, 9000000000000000, 10000000000000000, 12000000000000000, 15000000000000000, 18000000000000000, 20000000000000000, 25000000000000000, 30000000000000000, 35000000000000000, 40000000000000000, 45000000000000000, 50000000000000000, 60000000000000000, 70000000000000000, 80000000000000000, 90000000000000000, 100000000000000000, 120000000000000000, 150000000000000000, 180000000000000000, 200000000000000000, 250000000000000000, 300000000000000000, 350000000000000000, 400000000000000000, 450000000000000000, 500000000000000000, 600000000000000000, 700000000000000000, 800000000000000000, 900000000000000000, 1000000000000000000, 1200000000000000000, 1500000000000000000, 1800000000000000000, 2000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000, 3000000000000000000, 3500000000000000000, 4000000000000000000, 4500000000000000000, 5000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000, 7000000000000000000, 8000000000000000000, 9000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000, 12000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000, 18000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000, 35000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000, 45000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000, 70000000000000000000, 80000000000000000000, 90000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000, 120000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000, 180000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000, 350000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000, 450000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000, 700000000000000000000, 800000000000000000000, 900000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000, 1200000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000, 1800000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000, 3500000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000, 4500000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000, 7000000000000000000000, 8000000000000000000000, 9000000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000000, 12000000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000000, 18000000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000000, 35000000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000000, 45000000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000000, 70000000000000000000000, 80000000000000000000000, 90000000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000000, 120000000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000000, 180000000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000000, 350000000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000000, 450000000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000000, 700000000000000000000000, 800000000000000000000000, 900000000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000000, 1200000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000000, 1800000000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000000, 3500000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000000, 4500000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000000, 7000000000000000000000000, 8000000000000000000000000, 9000000000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000000000, 12000000000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000000000, 18000000000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000000000, 35000000000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000000000, 45000000000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000000000, 70000000000000000000000000, 80000000000000000000000000, 90000000000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000000000, 120000000000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000000000, 180000000000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000000000, 350000000000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000000000, 450000000000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000000000, 700000000000000000000000000, 800000000000000000000000000, 900000000000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000000000, 1200000000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000000000, 1800000000000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000000000, 3500000000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000000000, 4500000000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000000000, 7000000000000000000000000000, 8000000000000000000000000000, 9000000000000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000000000000, 12000000000000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000000000000, 18000000000000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000000000000, 35000000000000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000000000000, 45000000000000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000000000000, 70000000000000000000000000000, 80000000000000000000000000000, 90000000000000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000000000000, 120000000000000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000000000000, 180000000000000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000000000000, 350000000000000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000000000000, 450000000000000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000000000000, 700000000000000000000000000000, 800000000000000000000000000000, 900000000000000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000000000000, 1200000000000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000000000000, 1800000000000000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000000000000, 3500000000000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000000000000, 4500000000000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000000000000, 7000000000000000000000000000000, 8000000000000000000000000000000, 9000000000000000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000000000000000, 12000000000000000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000000000000000, 18000000000000000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000000000000000, 35000000000000000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000000000000000, 45000000000000000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000000000000000, 70000000000000000000000000000000, 80000000000000000000000000000000, 90000000000000000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000000000000000, 120000000000000000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000000000000000, 180000000000000000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000000000000000, 350000000000000000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000000000000000, 450000000000000000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000000000000000, 700000000000000000000000000000000, 800000000000000000000000000000000, 900000000000000000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000000000000000, 1200000000000000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000000000000000, 1800000000000000000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000000000000000, 3500000000000000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000000000000000, 4500000000000000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000000000000000, 7000000000000000000000000000000000, 8000000000000000

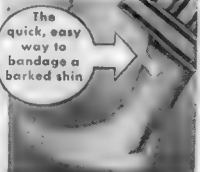


NEVER NEGLECT A BARKED SHIN

Any barked shin can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the hurt properly. Then put on a BAND-AID—the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection.

Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other ready-made adhesive bandage. Keep one box at home—one where you work.



BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of the adhesive bandage exclusively by Johnson & Johnson.



Africa's White King

QUITE a few rulers were deposed during the recent Italian-Sudanese war, which history will record as World War II. On the other hand, several new rulers have come to the throne under the smoke of battle.

One of them is Lyth, Edward Lyth, who went into Africa's Sudan wilderness as a quiet, hard-working missionary shortly before the war and who then emerged as El Bambashi Lyth, the Great Chief—military leader and virtual king over thousands of dusky guerilla warriors.

The fighting missionary's story—paralleling in many respects that of the famous Lawrence of Arabia—was revealed by Britain's War Ministry recently while the modest Rev. Mr. Lyth was enjoying a well-earned vacation and honeymoon in Yorkshire.

The story begins with Lyth's setting up of a small mission house at Yambila, on the borders of Italian-occupied Ethiopia. Lyth's assignment was to spread the Gospel among the primitive herdsmen and farmers of a 100,000-square-mile territory. But when World War II began and Italian troops pushed into the Sudan, he decided that military leadership rather than preaching was the day's greatest need.

With the skill of a born leader, he took command of the tribesmen and formed trained bands of fighters who soon gave the invaders plenty to worry about.

Cooperating with British



The Missionary Taught the Black Tribesmen How to Defend Themselves and Became Their King.

Lyth's mission house at Yambila, and he then lived as a king.

The missionary, now a great power, led his fighters home to their country and organized their local government.

Then, with the future, he returned to Lyth and enlisted the help of a helper, Mrs. Olive Nora, a trained nurse, who plans to convert the little mission dispensary at Yambila into a hospital. But they left England the other day, the Rev. Mr. Lyth said.

"Now that the war is over, I can get along with the work of a pastor, administrator, teacher and whatever else the tribesmen need. With my wife's help, I know great things can and will be accomplished in Yambila."

Lyth will set up missionary outposts along the same trails over which I led my warriors against the Italians. We will map these virgin territories, open communications and build schools, roads and hospitals.

All that is a large order, and a few years back it would have been impossible for any white man. But the wild Sudanese have promised all-out aid to their Bambashi—the fighting nation who has so ably proved his worth in battle.

Duck Bites Dog

WHEN a dog bites a duck, it isn't news. But when a duck turns around and bites a dog, that's news—to everybody except neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. John Post, down near El Paso, Texas.

It isn't news to the folks who live near the Posts because they've seen Chip-Chip, the Posts' pet Moscow duck, sail into members of the canine tribe many times and send them scurrying with painful yips and howls.

Chip-Chip is four now and at one time his best friend

was a dog, named Bunny. When Chip-Chip was only a little duckling, he and Bunny started sleeping together for warmth and for three years they were almost inseparable. But Bunny died a year ago and Chip-Chip seems to miss him around as surely as a cat misses a mouse.

"When he sees another dog he gets very excited," says Mrs. Post. "He rushes and runs right at the dog and bites it. You'd be surprised how those amazed dogs yelp and run."



"Darling, Can't You Forget I'm an Heiress and Think of Me as a Woman?"

Dry Clean Clothes with

RENUZIT

—JUST DIP AND RINSE!



Housewives all over America are dry cleaning with Renuzit! No rubbing, no scrubbing, just "dip and rinse" and clothes look fresh and new! Renuzit is safe for home use—safe for delicate fabrics! It's a wonderful Spot Remover too!

Save Time!
Save Work!
Save Money!



Clean rugs, upholstery, curtains and slip covers quickly, easily, economically!

1 gallon - quart sizes at leading stores everywhere!



THANKS TO FAST-ACTING BROMO-SELTZER

Whenever you have an ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer. It's pleasant and fast-working. Bromo-Seltzer fights headaches three ways: (1) Helps relieve the headache. (2) Helps relieve upset stomach. (3) Helps quiet jumpy nerves that may combine to cause trouble. Caution: use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore counter or fountain today! Four convenient home sizes. Compounded since 1887.



For FAST headache relief always take BROMO-SELTZER

A PRODUCT OF EMERSON DRUG COMPANY SINCE 1887

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Switch to - AUTO-LITE

Money cannot
buy a better
spark plug



*The Spark Plug that's
Ignition Engineered*

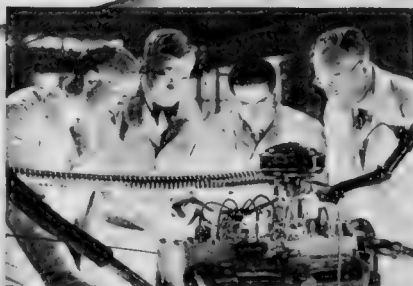
TUNE IN THE DICK HAYMES SHOW WITH
HELEN FORREST • GORDON JENKINS'
ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS
SATURDAYS, 8.00 P.M.—E.T. ON CBS



Auto-Lite spark plugs are designed by the same engineers who design complete electrical systems for leading cars and trucks. This specialized engineering experience is one reason why money cannot buy a better spark plug. A complete set of ignition engineered Auto-Lite spark plugs in your car, helps give you quick starts, and full mileage from every gallon of gas. So switch to Auto-Lite when faulty spark plugs need replacing. See your Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer today.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
Toronto 1, Ontario Toledo 1, Ohio

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

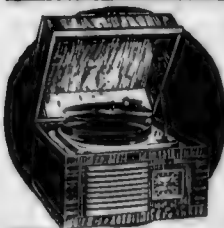


Continuing tests and scientific research, plus 35 years' experience designing complete ignition systems, enable Auto-Lite ignition engineers to maintain one high standard of quality in every Auto-Lite spark plug.



MONEY CANNOT BUY A BETTER SPARK PLUG

POPULAR PRICED RADIO-PHONOGRAPH



(Model 101)

Powerful AC-DC superheterodyne circuit. Live-the tone. Jam-proof, rapid-cycle automatic record changer. Plays 12 inch records or 10 twelve inch records. Rare wood cabinet. Easily portable. See your CLARION Dealer.



SPAM[®] CHEESEBURGER

Under the broiler till Spam is golden brown, cheese bubbling hot. Serve...and be ready for extras!

HORMEL
GOOD FOODS



THE BIGGEST SELLING
QUAQUAQUA DRINK IN THE WORLD!



34 May 19, 1946

Household Almanac Spring Lamb for Dinner

IT'S time for a good lamb dinner. With fresh mint sauce, and most surely strawberries for dessert. If you can manage tender green asparagus, or new peas, or tiny green lima beans, and, of course, small new potatoes to go with the roast, then you'll have a perfect spring dinner.

New cooks usually know just two cuts of lamb—the popular leg roast and the equally popular chops. But there are other good cuts in this delicious meat, many of them thrift cuts because they cost much less than the roasts and chops

At the Meat Market

LAMB is pinkish red; the older lamb or mutton deeper red in color. The fat in lamb is clear, white and brittle and the lean meat is marbled with it. The bones are porous and reddish in color and in young lamb the exposed leg bones show four well-defined ridges.

Americans are such lovers of this meat, the year round, that about 90 per cent of the sheep sent to the meat market are lambs; few are allowed to grow to that maturity which turns lamb into mutton.

The chops and leg of lamb for roasting, the favorites,

are tender cuts, but no more tender than a score of other lamb cuts which are just as delicious when properly prepared and served.

Three Popular Roasts

THERE are three roasts in great demand at the lamb counter:

FRENCHED LEG OF LAMB is made by removing the meat from the shank bone. The "fell" or the thin, papery covering should not be removed as the roast keeps its shape better and cooks more quickly if it is left on.

THE AMERICAN LEG OF LAMB roast, in some parts of the country, is

made by pulling the meat back from the bone, removing the bone and fastening the shank meat back against the leg. This makes a compact roast which fits nicely into a small roasting pan. In other parts of the country the leg bone is left in for this popular roast.

CROWN ROAST OF LAMB is made from the popular rib section. The ribs, not cut apart, are shaped into "a crown."

Good Flavored Thrift Cuts

THE LAMB SHOULDER also provides two tender roast cuts. One of these is the square cut shoulder, either with the bones left in, to be roasted or with the bone removed, rolled and roasted. The other is the cushion shoulder of lamb which is made by removing the bones from the square cut shoulder in such a manner that a pocket is made for stuffing with some good mixture.

The loin chops and rib chops, which are not low cost, are the popular ones; but a more thrifty lamb chop is cut from the blade and arm section of the shoulder.

THE ARM CHOPS are identified by the small round bone and ends of rib. THE BLADE CHOPS contain rib bone and a portion of blade bone.

THE BREAST OF LAMB cut can provide at least six different dishes. Of this cut the riblets make delicious braising as well as stewing; the breast as a whole may be stuffed or rolled (after all bones have been re-

moved) and slowly roasted to make an easy-to-carve roast. Breast of lamb meat also may be ground to make a delicate meat loaf or for patties. Try these with a glintle of bacon around each one. And the stew pot, of course, is the place for lamb breast, cut into small pieces, the bones left in.

LAMB NECK SLICES contain the neck vertebrae in the center. This bone may be removed before cooking or slipped out easily after cooking and before serving. This lamb combines well with vegetables to make a delicious braised dish.

LAMB SHANKS are cut from the fore quarter. The bone may be removed and the space filled with stuffing or cooked rice.

Perfect lamb cookery means having the meat, preferably, well done, although some cooks send roast or broiled lamb to the table delicately pink in the center. It is never served rare. Always serve it hot, or cold; never warm, with or without gravy or mint sauce



How to Cook Lamb Specialties

THE lamb specialties make good meals, too.

THE BRAINS are creamed, braised or scrambled with eggs. This last is a popular breakfast dish, or chafing dish buffet supper specialty.

LAMB HEART may be braised, then simmered, combined with vegetables

and made rich with gravy. **LAMB KIDNEYS** are broiled or braised, with or without a little wine, and good seasoning such as allspice and bay leaf.

LAMB TONGUE is slowly cooked, in a small amount of water, and served hot or cold with the sauces which usually accompany beef and veal tongue.

Cooking Directions for Lamb

SELECT a firm leg of lamb and do not have the fell (papery thin covering) removed, as this helps to keep the roast in shape while it cooks.

A six-pound leg will make 10 to 12 servings.

Wipe the meat with a clean, wet cloth. Rub it well with salt and pepper. Place it on a rack in a shallow baking pan, with the fat side up. Bake it uncovered in a slow oven (350 Deg. F.). Allow 30 to 35 minutes per pound of meat. (Three hours or longer for a six pound roast.) Turn the roast every 30 minutes to insure even cooking, but don't pierce the roast with a fork when you turn it; use a large spoon and the fork without putting the prongs in the meat.

Serve it very hot, on heated plates, with gravy made from the drippings in the pan.

MINT SAUCE. Use fresh mint for this sauce; wash one-half cup of the leaves and chop fine. Mix one tablespoon of powdered sugar with one-half cup hot vinegar, then pour over the mint leaves. Let it stand in the upper part of a double boiler, over hot water, for 30 minutes to mellow and draw out the mint flavor.

It's just as easy to make lamb stew. Here's the recipe:

Lamb Stew

- 2 pounds breast of lamb
- Flour
- Salt and pepper
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 3 onions
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 bay leaves
- 4 teaspoon pepper
- 4 stalks celery
- 1 green pepper
- 3 carrots
- 4 potatoes
- 1½ teaspoon salt

Wipe the meat with a clean, wet cloth. Cut the meat in small pieces (about one and one-half inches). Roll these in flour seasoned with salt and pepper and brown them in the hot shortening in a deep pot.

Chop two of the onions and brown in the hot fat. Mix the mashed tomatoes with the boiling water, heat and pour over the meat and onion. Add the bay leaves and simmer all for one hour. Add the third onion, which has been minced fine, the celery cut in inch-length pieces, green pepper cut in strips, sliced carrots and cubed potatoes. Let simmer again, till the vegetables are tender and all is well cooked, which is about one hour. This makes six to eight servings.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



MODERN MARGARINE—When the sweet, fresh flavor of Modern Margarine melts over the golden brown of crispy hot toast—you've got eating, America! Best of all, Modern Margarine brings needed nutrition, concentrated energy and essen-

tial Vitamin A—within the reach of all. And figure out for yourself just how much those savings-per-pound on Margarine add up to in dollars-per-year.



This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MARGARINE MANUFACTURERS
Munsey Building, Washington 4, D. C.

**TUBS SPARKLE
IN A JIFFY
IF YOUR CLEANSER
DOESN'T SCRATCH!**

Scratches do more than scar porcelain—they catch and hold on to dirt and make extra hard work of cleaning.

So why take chances with ordinary cleansers when fine, white Bon Ami will slide dirt off in one lather! It polishes, too—leaves sinks and bathtubs mirror-bright. And because it isn't harsh and gritty, Bon Ami doesn't give you housework hands. Make it your cleaning favorite!

Comes in both Powder and Cake form.



Bon Ami

THE "SPEDDY" CLEANSER that
"Aasn't scratched yet!"



Delicious "HOME STYLE" Flavor

*Cooked From Whole
Santa Clara Prunes*



Ask for
LAKE SHORE
HONEY MELLOWED
PRUNE JUICE

Honey Added
for Energy
At your grocer's



NO DREAM! IT'S A REAL POSTWAR MODEL

The big, new Coolerator® Electric holds two weeks' supply of food... is 40% larger than the typical present refrigerator. And the separate frozen food locker in this streamlined model keeps more than forty pounds of frozen foods without removing any of the 3 big ice cube trays. If your dream hasn't received this new Coolerator yet... it won't be long. The Coolerator Company, Dept. A-21, Duluth 1, Minnesota.

Watch for the COOLERATOR "Flavor-Saver"
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Coolerator

Baking and the New Flour

THE home economists in the kitchens of the big flour milling companies and Uncle Sam's home economists in their Washington kitchens agree that the new 80 per cent extraction flour should offer no problem in home baking. The cook who has been making good biscuits with the flour which has been on the market in the last few years can continue to use the same recipes and methods with the new 80 per cent flour.

Pointers

WHETHER you are making muffins, biscuits or a plain cake, follow your recipe as usual, unless the manufacturer gives specific directions on the package for his particular flour.

If the dough or batter seems a little soft, try using a little less liquid and a bit more flour; or the package directions may suggest adding a little more liquid than with the former all-purpose flour.

Use Potatoes

MANY cooks find they save flour in much of the family cookery by not

using it at all for certain cookery—helping to save wheat this way for the huge shipments which must go overseas for the hungry millions.

Shepherd's Pie

THERE are plenty of potatoes in the market now and this will be the case through the summer, so try using a mashed potato top on a meat or fish or vegetable pie; use mashed potatoes in stuffing a chicken, turkey or baked fish; serve poached eggs on mashed potatoes instead of toast.

The familiar Shepherd's Pie is easy to make. To serve six people, slice two cups of seasoned mashed potatoes. Fill a baking dish about two-thirds full of meat stew; cover the stew with a thick topping of mashed potatoes, leaving a few openings for steam to escape. Set the dish in a hot oven (400 Deg. F.) about 25 minutes to brown the potato top lightly.

Pancakes made with grated raw potato and griddle cakes of mashed potatoes are old favorites.

ORDER THESE CHARTS FOR YOUR KITCHEN

If you missed the good recipes published in past months, here's a chance to get them reprinted in easily usable form. Order them by name; send a three-cent stamp for each one you want.

Good Curry Dishes
Dessert Recipes
Salads and Dressings
Vegetable Cookery
Let's Eat Fish
Liquors for Every Meal
"Stick to the Rib" Dishes
15 Famous Almanac Recipes
20 Popular Baked Recipes
Favorite Mexican Recipes
20 New England Recipes

They will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp for each. Write name and address plainly.

ALMANAC RECIPES DEPARTMENT
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK

Make These Yourself



3799 SIZES 11-17, 12-18



3089

3774
SIZES
10-16

PATTERN 3799—Cute 'n' clever! Keeps sewing and ironing time at a minimum, no side seams, just wrap button 'n' tie. No easy! Junior Miss sizes 11-17 and 12-18. Size 13, \$34 yds. 35-in.

PATTERN 3774—Front this top and hat with charming white eyelet, garnished with ribbons. Easy to make. Teen-age sizes 10-16. Size 12, 2 1/2 yds. 35-in.

PATTERN 3089—"Home Sweet Home" design! Filled cushion chair and you'll enjoy dining. Lovely for scarf ends. Inexpensive. Chart and directions.

PRICE OF EACH PATTERN
30c (in coins)

Print plainly SIZES, STYLE, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: AMERICAN WEEKLY Pattern Department, 635 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

**DON'T TAKE
CHANCES—HERE'S
SAFE PROVEN WAY**

**MOTH
PROOF**

One Spraying Lasts A Whole Year

Odorless—No
wrapping or
putting away



OTHER USES

Let Larvex protect your upholstered furniture. Moths will never eat woolen sprayed with Larvex.

Don't take chances on new, unproven products. Be safe! Be sure! Use LARVEX and moths will NEVER eat your woolsens.

For years LARVEX has been worthy the big woolen mills. It's been proven the SAFE, SURE way to moth proof. Just a few minutes spraying moth proof woolsens for a whole year! Tests show moth worms actually commit suicide by asphyxiation rather than eat anything treated with LARVEX.

LARVEX is odorless, stainless. Dry cleaning doesn't even remove LARVEX protection. Washing does but dry cleaning does not. Only 79¢ a pint. \$1.19 a quart.

LARVEX

IF JUMPY NERVES KEEP ME AWAKE
WHEN I NEED REST INSTEAD
I TAKE A GLASS OF
MILES
NERVINE
BEFORE I GO
TO BED



DON'T try to force sleep. This often makes your nerves even more tense. Instead, try

MILES NERVINE
(Effervescent Tablets or Liquid)

Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives which relaxes nervous tension to permit refreshing sleep. Get it now and have it on hand when you need it. Buy it at your drug store on our money-back guarantee. Caution: Read directions and use only as directed. Handy-to-carry Effervescent Tablets, 36c and 75c; Liquid, 36c and \$1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

Miles NERVINE



OF Hiawatha
STRAWLITE
and STRAWSHEEN
 Bright hats, bags and accessories add chic to summer wardrobes. Crochet them yourself in cool HIAWATHA Strawlite and Strawsheen... fun, easy, inexpensive!
 See other smart Melina Originals in HIAWATHA Fashion Books at your Art Needlework Department.
 "Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

MAIL COUPON TODAY
HEIRLOOM NEEDLEWORK GUILD, Inc.
 11 East 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.
 Dept. H-3
 Please send me complete instructions free for making the fashion illustrated.
 NAME (PRINT) _____
 ADDRESS _____
 TOWN _____ STATE _____

Then comes the question of the shower

Tampax brings new comfort and satisfaction to the woman who tubs or showers on "those days"



Physical training authorities have pretty well disposed of the idea that all women should avoid baths during those "certain days" of the month. In other words, great numbers of women take showers (or tub baths) as usual, and the Tampax method is right in line with this practice. For Tampax, being worn internally, need not be removed in shower or tub. You can also go in swimming with it—no embarrassment, no offense to anyone. . . . Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in applicators for efficient insertion. You cannot feel the Tampax when it is in place. No sanitary discomfort is needed. Quick to change. Easy disposal. . . . Join the millions who have abandoned belts, pins and external pads in favor of Tampax. Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Month's supply will fit into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Feel and look as fresh as a daisy... Chase away those **MORNING MIRROR BLUES**... use **LUCKY TIGER**. Makes your scalp feel better, your hair look better... keeps you well groomed all day long.

LUCKY TIGER
 100% HAIR SCALP

Taming Those Tresses



By SALLY YOUNG
JUDGING from my readers' mail, almost every woman has a hair problem of some kind. Besides abuse and neglect of your hair, several influences are reflected in the condition of your hair. The amount of sleep, fresh air and exercise you get, the foods you eat, and the state of your general health, that is, if you are run down, are anemic, have a glandular disturbance, nervous condition or bad circulation; and poor hair may even be due to heredity.

Your daily diet plays a very important role in your quest for healthier hair. A diet heavy in fats may be the cause of oily hair. A lack of vitamin A may cause you to have dry, coarse ugly hair. Lack of some of the B vitamins and of iron, copper and iodine may cause your hair to fall out. Lack of other B vitamins may cause your hair to turn gray. Your family doctor is a good one to consult; and if you live in a large city, pay a visit to an outstanding hair specialist for shampoo.

Shampoo
BUT whatever your problem a thorough shampoo at regular intervals is a requisite for lovelier hair. Hair should be washed whenever it is dirty to remove dirt, grease and grime, and the frequent shampooing also improves circulation which makes for healthier and more abundant hair. Hair specialists agree that once a week is not too often for the good

shampoo, and very oily hair may need even more frequent shampoos. When you wash your hair, be sure to rinse every trace of the soap film away. Dull, lifeless hair is often due to careless improper rinsing. Ask your hairdresser to suggest a shampoo for your hair and one that will work best with the water in your particular locale. And don't forget that there are water softeners and conditioners which help soaps and shampoos do their work.

Brushing
BRUSH your hair thoroughly every morning and every night with a clean, stiff brush. Brushing keeps your hair alive and glossy, your scalp healthy, and improves the appearance of both dry and oily hair. Do not be afraid to brush your hair if it is oily. It not only stimulates the scalp, but it helps distribute the oil to the ends of your hair where it is usually needed for dry brittle ends.

If your hair is excessively oily, wipe your brush on a towel after every third or fourth stroke. Parting the hair in sections and rubbing the scalp with a clean portion of the bath towel helps to keep the scalp clean between shampoos. And there are special cleansing lotions for dry or oily hair for this purpose. If your scalp is extremely dry, rub a little greaseless pomade into your scalp every three or four days. If the ends of your hair are split and dry, trim them off. Or rub pomade on dry permanently waved ends.

Do Your Own Scalp Massage
FOLLOW the brushing with a massage. This helps stimulate the growth of hair. A famous salon of hair specialists recommends this procedure of massage: Begin at the nape of the neck by pressing the thumbs well into the structure at the base of the skull, work carefully around the neck to the ears, thus arousing circulation. The scalp should then be lifted with your fingers, pressed and kneaded in circular sweeps of the fingers and palms until the surface is rosy pink, indicating the restoration of



"Problem" Hair
made Lovely again
 Your hair is far more enchanting when it's shining clean. Shampoo—as your hairdresser does—with **Admiration**. Then you'll see the glamor tide of **Admiration**. natural luster flowing back to your hair as **Admiration** magically floats away unsightly dirt, dust, loose dandruff, leaving hair sparkling, easy to manage. Rinses right out, leaves no dulling film, won't affect hair color. Ask for **Admiration** at your favorite toilet counter or hairdresser. For lots of lather—use **Admiration Foamy Shampoo**. For coarse hair many prefer **Admiration No Lather**.

Girls with Lovely Hair always get
ADMIRACION Shampoo

Beat fabric shortages—with All-fabric TINTEX
—GUARANTEED to dye EVERY fabric including Nylon, "Celanese", Rayon, etc.
MILLIONS are turning to **All-fabric Tintex** to beat fabric shortages. So, don't discard faded apparel or home decorations (which you probably can't replace). Just **re-dye** them with **All-fabric Tintex**. Over 50 gorgeous colors. You'll be delighted with the results. So easy, too. And remember, **All-fabric Tintex** dyes every material made! Buy it at any drug, department or 10¢ store... today!

All-fabric TINTEX
America's Most Modern Tints & Dyes
 STILL ONLY 10¢ and 15¢
 And NOW the NEW 25¢ Economy Size
 —the finest quality and greatest quantity
 —the best value in all Tintex history!

"What does a DUZ family wear on Sunday?"

Writes Mrs. J. R. St. George, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



"From your ads, you'd think people always dressed like this,"

Mrs. St. George writes. "All the DUZ ads I see show women hanging out the same three things . . . towels, overalls and undies!"

"Sure DUZ is tops for getting towels white and work clothes clean. And we all

know it's safer for undies than other 'big-name' washday soaps. But your ads ought to show that DUZ is best for the whole wash—for Sunday duds . . . and table linen . . . and dozens of other dirty things that most folks wash every week!

"How about their Sunday dinner cloth?"



"Don't folks spill things on it, and get the napkins dirty? Why don't your DUZ girls tell how DUZ gets those spots out easy as winking and show how gleaming white their table linen comes out?"



"Don't their kids ever get dirty?"

"You can dress kids up in their Sunday best and they'll still get good and grimy. DUZ gets my youngsters' grimmest clothes clean as a lick and yet it's safe as can be for their best colored outfits."

"What about Grand-pop's socks?"

"Men's socks are a real washing test and DUZ can pass it with colors flying! DUZ is such a favorite at our house I even caught Grandpa DUZZing his beard the other day!"

"Seems to me you're missing the boat if you don't get those DUZ ladies to show that DUZ does more—and can't be beat by any washday soap for cleaning quick and washing safe!"



DUZ does Everything

—and-I mean Everything!

Timely Shopping News for Homemakers

JUNIOR would hang up his clothes if he had small hangers designed to fit his coats and jackets and if the hangers were low enough for his reach. There are plenty of small hangers in the shops, and now a new clothes rod, designed to hang from the grow-ups' clothes rod, in any closet, has come into the market.

This suspended rod not only can be reached by children, but it increases the clothes capacity of the closet without adding shelves or driving in any nails and hooks.

Canvas Paint

NEVER mind if you can't buy new awnings this summer or canvas to recover porch chairs and the porch swing. A new canvas paint will not only add almost any bright color to your summer scheme but using this paint strengthens old canvas and will prolong its life.

The paint is a special mixture which, besides being good color, contains a mildew killer, a great asset in a damp climate where rot and mildew attack garden umbrellas, porch canvas and other fabrics. It does not stiffen the fabrics, and according to the manufacturer is sun-resistant and water-repellent.

Women who plan to do their own repainting will be glad to know that it is easy to apply and it dries quickly, in a few hours. Besides black, white and aluminum color, ten tints are



Kelly Bird

available; or these can be mixed in various combinations. A quart of the paint will redecorate about 40 to 60 square feet, or two average size window awnings in average condition.

This paint can be used on the heavy cotton tape of outdoor furniture, Venetian blind tapes, and fiber rugs.

Painting Fiber Rugs

IF YOU are painting an old and porous fiber rug, give it a coat of sizing first to prevent the paint sinking into the fibers. A good sizing for the purpose can be made by blending one cup

of starch with one cup of water. Pour this mixture into two quarts of boiling water and heat and stir till a smooth paste. This makes enough for a six by nine rug. Brush onto the rug. Let it dry thoroughly; then paint with the canvas paint. And of course, let this dry thoroughly before using. Make a contrasting border of another color if the rug is large.

For Chairs and Hammocks

WHEN painting chairs, hammocks, cushions and any canvas article exposed to rubbing, use a liquid overcoating to seal the paint color in. After the paint is dry use one or two coats of overcoating; good idea to use it on the fiber rugs, too. This means that dirt can be wiped off easily without any chance of the paint coming with it.

For new canvas furniture the same manufacturers have brought out a clear "setfast" to be brushed on as a preservative before the furniture or other canvas is used. This also contains the mildew preventive.

Bulbs to Light Up Your Life

BULB snatching isn't the only mischief caused by modern electric lights. Next to not having enough light bulbs to go around is not having the proper ones in the right places. That there no longer is an excuse for improper lighting,

we all know by experience.

As for new bulbs—there are all types to choose from. There are the incandescent bulbs with which we are all familiar, because they are in use most generally. But how many housewives are aware that these can be bought in light power ranging from 15 to 300 watts?

There are the daylight bulbs, which are good in kitchens or workrooms.

Decorative Light

THERE are the lumiline and fluorescent tubes, which are decorative as well as good light sources. The lumiline tubes are good for lighting mirrors, pictures, niches, coves and special glass closets. Lumiline tubes may be had in various colors to enhance your color scheme. In wattage it ranges from 30 to 60.

Fluorescent light comes in a larger wattage range. It comes in tubes or in a new circular bulb. The advantages of fluorescent light is that it is cold light and won't harm draperies. If the fixtures are properly installed, fluorescent light can give off a more even and penetrating light, which, many people claim, is more soothing to the eyes.

But all that light! It's too expensive to have the whole house lit up.

Are you sure? Proper lighting is more economical. Remember, a 100-watt bulb gives 50 per cent more light than four 25-watt bulbs and uses the same amount of current.

These lights with the right shades help make the colors in a room.

MAKES OLD HAIR LOOK YOUNG AGAIN



Avoid That "Heartbreak Age" With Amazing New

TINTZ CREME SHAMPOO-TINT
The Easy-To-Use 22 Minute
HAIR COLORING

BLACK—BROWN—AUBURN—BLONDE

Yes, here is the new TINTZ CREME SHAMPOO-TINT that instantly imparts lovely color to hair that is streaked, gray, faded, graying, burnt or lifeless looking. Wash out grease, dirt and loose dandruff as it gives hair a real smooth tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Easy to use, works instantly. The first application leaves hair completely tinted, soft, colorful, lovely, easy to manage. Won't wash off, won't affect permanents. Natural-like shades are: JET BLACK—BLACK—DARK BROWN—MIDNIGHT BROWN—LIGHT BROWN—AUBURN—GOLDEN BROWN—BLONDE. Only \$1 plus tax on guarantee of full satisfaction or money back. CAUTION: Use only as directed.

AT DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE
TINTZ CO., 295 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Trial everything! . . . Now try this time-tested way to help relieve

FACE BLEMISHES

externally caused
Over 65 years success! Preferred by many nurses and doctors—Cuticura must be good! FREE Cuticura sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-125, Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

How do you do it, Edna, your floor always looks so immaculate!

Why, I use Clorox, it brightens the floor, whitens the mop...makes them sanitary, too!

YES, INDEED, CLOROX PROVIDES HYGIENIC CLEANLINESS IN KITCHEN AND BATH-ROOM GERM "DANGER ZONES!"

WHEN it's so easy for you to include the benefits of Clorox in your normal housekeeping routine, why not keep Clorox handy—let it go to work for you? The disinfecting efficiency of Clorox provides the hygienic cleanliness recommended by eminent health authorities; its deodorizing quality makes kitchen and bathroom fresh, and its stain removing ability makes linoleum, wood, tile, enamel, porcelain, glass surfaces sparkling clean. In laundering, the use of Clorox results in whiter, fresher, more sanitary white cottons and linens. Follow the example of millions of modern housewives... use Clorox regularly. Directions on label.

YEARS OF UNSURPASSED QUALITY AND PERFORMANCE HAVE MADE CLOROX THE CHOICE OF MILLIONS... IT'S ALWAYS UNIFORM... IT'S ALWAYS DEPENDABLE!



America's Favorite Bleach and Household Disinfectant

CLOROX

FREE FROM CAUSTIC

"When it's Clorox-clean... it's hygienically clean!"

Copyright 1948, Clorox Chemical Co.

Here's Easy High-Speed Self-Instruction in all 25 Useful Branches of

Mathematics

—to help you qualify for the many big new jobs in America's expanding industries!

Brought to You by Leading Experts from Columbia, M.I.T., Cornell, Carnegie Tech., Georgia Tech., and many others. A Practical Mathematics Course in Four Volumes! Used by Over 100,000 Men!

C LIMAXING its achievements in adult education, the NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ALLIANCE now announces a new streamlined Course in Mathematics especially designed to answer the thousands of urgent new calls for mathematically trained men in virtually EVERY field!

On work bench, in drafting room; in the laboratory; in tool die and pattern making; in construction and engineering of all kinds; there's hardly a field where a mathematically trained man hasn't a decided advantage. He gets the better job—bigger pay—earns promotion more quickly—and will come out ahead in America's booming industries.

This New N.E.A. Course in Mathematics makes it possible for the average person to acquire—in only a few months—a practical working knowledge of all 25 branches of mathematics and their practical applications. It comes to you complete in four volumes filled with illustrated, fascinating lessons designed for home study.

You receive instruction from 28 foremost instructors chosen from outstanding universities. Each instructor has been selected because of his special knowledge of a particular branch of mathematics and because of his ability to simplify and streamline his instructions.

The PRACTICAL MATHEMATICS Library

Four Volumes! Nearly 1300 Pages!
Over 600 Helpful Pictures and Diagrams

NO previous mathematics knowledge is needed under this ingenious teaching plan. You start with basic Arithmetic and proceed by easy stages to an understanding of the most advanced branches of mathematics.

You'll learn how to use Algebra for short cuts in daily shop problems, in construction work, in tool and die making, in welding, sheet metal work and pattern making, in office and laboratory. You'll learn how to apply Geometry in chemistry, mechanics, electricity and radio, in the drafting room. You'll learn how to employ Trigonometry in gearing, lathe centers, blueprints, die punches, etc.; in range finding, aviation, navigation. You'll learn how to utilize Calculus in the design and production of ships, dams, bridges, motors. You'll learn Practical Applications in every field of industry and business that you can use to win advancement and bigger pay.

Mail FREE-TRIAL Coupon

Normally, mathematical training as comprehensive as these 25 Courses—in 11 volumes—would cost you hundreds of dollars and years of study. Now you get it in these 4 volumes at a small fraction of the cost and time! Test this Course at our risk and expense. Mail coupon below—get the set for a week's FREE examination. After a week you may return it and owe nothing; however, if you are thoroughly convinced that it can help you advance to bigger earnings, keep it at the incredible bargain price and easy terms shown in coupon. But you must ACT NOW! This edition is limited in quantity. There may not be enough to meet nationwide demand. Avoid disappointment—mail Free-Trial Coupon NOW!

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ALLIANCE, INC.
37 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
Copyright 1946 by the National Educational Alliance, Inc.

FREE-TRIAL AND GIFT COUPON

National Educational Alliance, Inc.,
37 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Without obligation to me, ship me prepaid for a week's FREE examination the complete "PRACTICAL MATHEMATICS LIBRARY" in 4 volumes of 1260 pages. After one week's FREE TRIAL examination, I will either return the books and owe you nothing or keep them and send you only \$2 then and \$3 a month until the bargain price of only \$9.50, plus a few cents postage, is paid.

FREE GIFT—Also ship me prepaid the 160-page book "G-PLACE LOGARITHMS" to keep entirely FREE even if I return the set.

SAVE COST OF 1 LB. SHIPMENT PLUS 10% CASH DISCOUNT. Send only \$9.50 with this coupon as full payment. Same return privilege, full refund guaranteed.

MR. _____
MISS _____ (Print plainly in black letters)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Check here if you prefer to examine thoroughly the latest edition of the complete course—streamlined flexible spiral-bound, beautifully unbound, only \$1 per volume extra, plus tax.

137
275

Do All the Work of a Slide Rule faster, easier and more accurately! This book of Logarithms is the greatest short-cut ever devised for quick and easy multiplying, dividing and all other calculating. Easier to learn, gives answers quickly and much more accurately than any Slide Rule. A complete explanation of the use of logarithm tables is given. So simple you can grasp it and begin to apply it in a few minutes. Covers logs for all numbers to the 6th place; contains much additional information including a table of circular arcs. Invaluable for engineers, mechanics, scientists, business men, bookkeepers. FREE even if you return the "Practical Mathematics Library!"

Tune in to GALEN DRAKE, Saturday mornings and Sunday afternoons. See your newspapers for time and station.

28 Foremost University Experts Bring You Easy Mastery of 25 Branches of Mathematics—for Use in Every Field!

HERE'S A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF THE SUBJECTS COVERED:

1. BASIC ARITHMETIC: Short short-cuts, quick applications of addition, subtraction, multiplication, division.
2. ADVANCED ARITHMETIC: Percentages, fractions, ratios and proportions, rapid calculation.
3. BASIC ALGEBRA: Solutions for many industrial and technical jobs; formulas, etc.
4. ADVANCED ALGEBRA: Solution of practical problems for the use of simulators; equations, use of graphs, etc.
5. PLANE GEOMETRY: How to measure angles, areas, distances, etc.
6. CONIC SECTIONS: Using parabolas to determine path of a shell, path of auto headlights, etc.
7. SOLID GEOMETRY: How to interpret blueprints; use of coordinate points in mechanical drawing, etc.
8. TRIGONOMETRY: How to calculate distance; use of trigonometric functions; Vernier scale, etc.
9. LOGARITHMS: How to use log tables in performing shortcut operations in engineering and military problems; how the slide-rule makes math problems easier!
10. THE CALCULUS: How to solve problems that can be solved in no time; its application to military and industrial problems.
11. DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS: How to determine rate of distribution of radioactive substances; how to project rate of population increase or decrease, etc.
12. MEASUREMENT: Measurement of lengths and angles; explanation of torque, density, specific gravity, etc.
13. STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING: Means required to produce a finished structure; stresses and strains; equilibrium, momentum, etc.
14. MACHINE-SHOP PRACTICE: Computing cutting of parts on adjustable angle plates, cutting straight, lathe, drill press, milling cutters, etc.
15. HEAT: Instruments for measuring heat; expansion by heat; specific and latent heat, etc.
16. ELECTRICITY: Units of measurement; resistance; calculation of capacitance; time constants, etc.
17. HISTORY OF MATHEMATICS: The great mathematicians from Pythagoras, Euclid and Archimedes to the genius of today, and their contributions.
18. CHEMISTRY: Chemical equations, stoichiometry, replacement, redox reactions, etc.
19. MILITARY GUNNERY: Range-finding; direction, the trajectory, and variable following it, etc.
20. NAVIGATION AND AERIAL NAVIGATION: Plotting a course; piloting; altimeter; chart and great-circle sailing; air speed and ground speed; wind drift, etc.
21. TELEVISION: Vacuum tubes, sound systems, amplifier stages, push-pull, television, and high frequency transmission, etc.
22. BUSINESS MATHEMATICS: Arithmetic; compound interest; annuities, premiums, dividends, etc.
23. ACCOUNTING: Mathematical basis of accounting; debits and credits; discounts, stockings; fund depreciation, profit and loss analysis, etc.
24. FINANCE: Compound and focal dates, capital financing, chain discounts, bond calculations, etc.
25. BUSINESS STATISTICS: Business facts, index numbers, rise and fall charts, etc.

Hundreds Send UNSOLICITED Praise!
"Wouldn't part with my set for less than \$50!"—
R. L. S. Norwalk, Conn. "I have benefited from your Practical Mathematics Course—in my work, as well as my enjoyment. Worth many times its cost!"—
J. G. Detroit, Mich. "You make it easy to learn!"—
C. F. C., Detroit, Mich. "These books cover everything!"—A. J., Washington, D. C.

PRACTICAL MATHEMATICS